HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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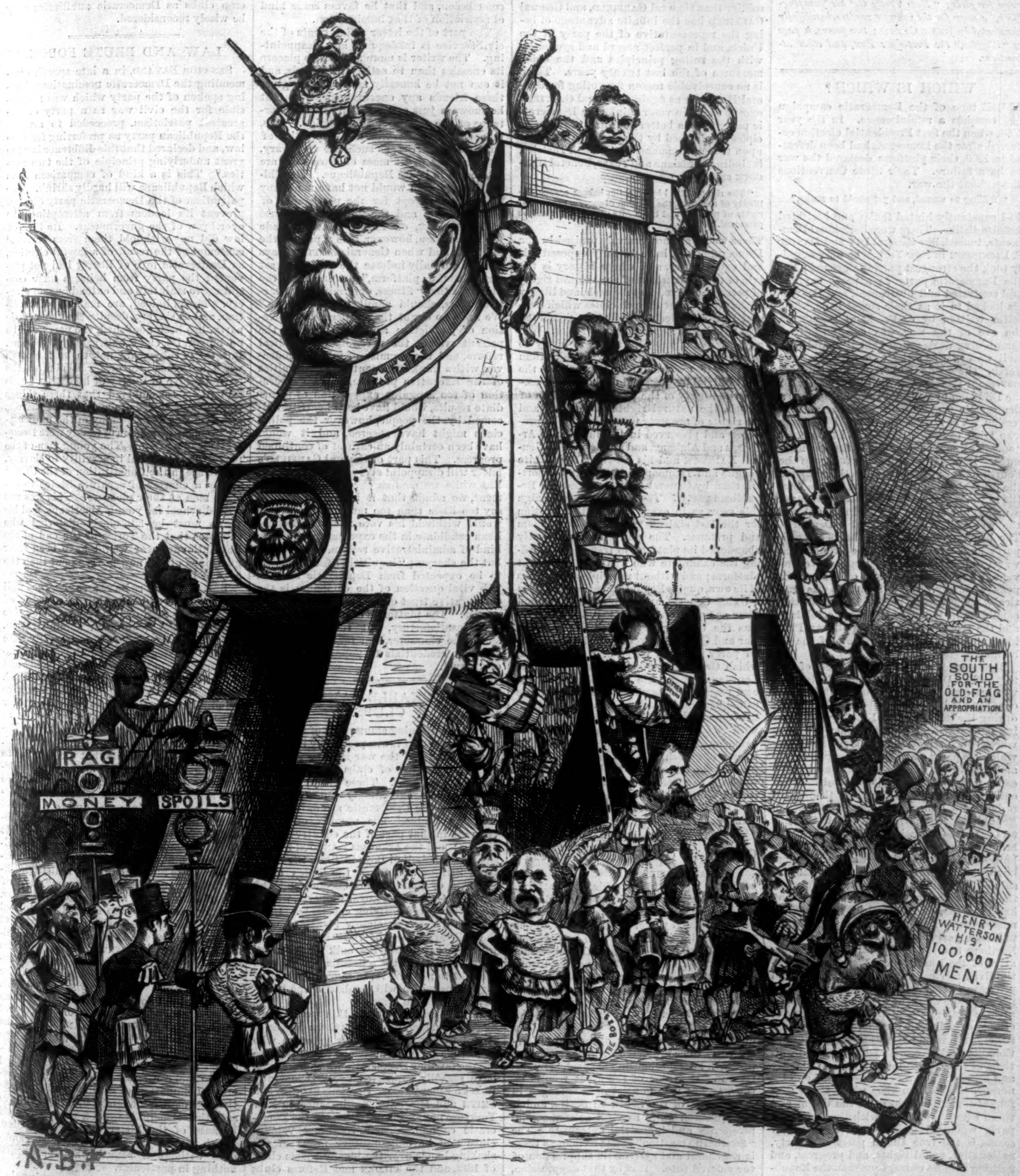


RAG
MONEY
SPOILS
THE SOUTH SOLID FOR THE OLD FLAG AND AN APPROPRIATION.
HENRY WATTERSON HIS 100,000 MEN.
THE BOSS
A.B.F.

THE DEMOCRATIC TROJAN HORSE.

FOREWARNED, FOREARMED. THE DEFENDERS OF THE CITY WILL NOT BE MISLED BY A "SUPERB" FIGURE-HEAD.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 31, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No.* 38, *issued July* 20, *contains a thrilling bear story, by* W. O. Stoddard, *entitled "The Biggest Blackberry Picker," illustrated; an article on "Pearls—Real and Imitation," from the advance sheets of "Boy Travellers in the Far East," Part Second, illustrated; Chapter Eight of "The Moral Pirates," in which the boys have a narrow escape, illustrated; the amusing story of "How Gil Played Ventriloquist"; an illustrated article on Beetles; Chapter Second of* Lossing's *"Story of the American Navy," illustrated; "Mr. Martin's Eye," one of* Jimmy Brown's *funniest stories; "Polly," a story for girls; "How Trotty Got his Jumping-Jack," a story for the younger readers, beautifully illustrated by* Jessie Curtis; *two poems, a page of "Wiggles," the Post-office Box, and other attractions.*

WHICH IS WHICH?

The tone of the Democratic campaign compels a reminiscence. In the year 1864, when the first Presidential election occurred after the Democrats had been defeated in 1860, their platform declared the war to be a failure. Their State Conventions throughout the war,

> "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,"

had constantly hinted faults and hesitated infinite dislike. There were individual Democrats, indeed, like General Dix and Daniel S. Dickinson in New York, who unreservedly took the strongest patriotic ground; but the Democratic party as a party cavilled and contested and obstructed, and the rebels looked to it as their surest hope. The letter written by ex-President Pierce on the eve of the war was substantially a threatening declaration that it would be a civil war between the two parties at the North. The whole Copperhead and "peace" movement was Democratic. The Society for the Diffusion of Political Information was a Democratic propaganda of slavery and secession. They were New York Democrats who tried to thwart President Lincoln by "constitutional" objections to the war measures. It was the Tammany oratory of the Fourth of July, 1863, that directly promoted the draft riots. There was not a paper hostile to the war that was not Democratic, nor a malignant sneerer at the President and the war policy who was not a Democrat. The hearty co-operation of the Democratic party as a party would have brought the war to an early end, and would have prevented half the actual loss of life and expense of money. But as a party it was practically an opposition party. Its Presidential candidate in 1864 was the rebel candidate, and the re-election of the Republican President was the moral overthrow of the rebellion.

These are the most familiar facts of history. The Democratic attitude during the war is as well known as that of the Tories, or of the Westchester Cowboys and Skinners during the Revolution. But the party having nominated for the Presidency a soldier whose sole distinction is his service in a war which his party slandered and opposed, it is amusing to see the Democratic zeal for a cause which it tried to defeat, and its present proud assumption of a patriotism which it derided. It now appears that it was the Republican lamb which muddied the waters. It was the wicked Republicans who brought on the war, which was horribly bungled by the Republican administration, but which was brought to a triumphant result by Democratic military valor, although the victory bought by Democratic devotion has been turned to naught by Republican misconduct of the government. The Republican party, indeed, controls the great Northern States; it is peculiarly representative of the intelligence, industry, and distinctive American character, enterprise, and progress, and except for that party the American republic would have been degraded into a slave empire. The Democratic party is strong only in the Southern States—in a society trained in theories subversive of nationality and of equal rights, among traditions of the most inhuman form of slavery and injustice, and a people secluded and ignorant. Take from that party those who fought for the overthrow of the Union, and those who sympathized with them, and the party would disappear. Yet this, it now seems, is the true Union party of liberty, nationality, equal rights, and progress, and nothing is more outrageous than the Republican claim to have been the party of the war, the Union, and the Constitution. This ludicrous Democratic allegation is made necessary by the nomination of a Union soldier. But is it because he is a Union soldier that General Hancock is an acceptable candidate to the Democratic party, or because, being a Union soldier, he enables the party to assert its loyalty? General Grant was a Democrat before the war. When the war ended, why did the Republicans instead of the Democrats nominate him for the Presidency? Why did the great loyal, patriotic, and war Democratic party, instead of nominating the chief General of the war, nominate the chief "Copperhead"? Why, indeed, but that it was not a war party, and that its present assertions are absurd. General Hancock is acceptable to the Democrats because, as a soldier of the Union, his mantle covers their nakedness.

But happily the country knows which is which. It will not intrust the government to the party which has opposed every great measure of progress since 1860, merely because it has nominated a Union soldier. General Hancock, indeed, is no more a Union soldier than General Garfield, and General Garfield has the infinite advantage of being the representative of the party of the Union, and in perfect accord and sympathy with the ruling principles and the chief measures of the last twenty years. There is no conceivable reason for voting for General Hancock as against General Garfield except that the voter thinks the Democratic party to be a better guardian of the principles established by the war. In his order upon taking command of the Fifth District, including Louisiana and Texas, General Hancock said,

> "The right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons, and the rights of property must be preserved."

These words are now warmly praised by the Democrats, who have bitterly opposed fair and equal juries, and whose history is the tale of the destruction of the natural rights of persons, of freedom of speech, and liberty of the press. But the principles which General Hancock declared must be preserved are the original Republican principles. Will anybody point out why they are likely to be safer with their hereditary enemies than with their traditional friends? Are the right of trial by jury, and of the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons, and the rights of property more likely to be protected and preserved in the interior of Arkansas and Alabama and Mississippi by General Hancock and his Ku-Klux and White League and Tammany and Tilden supporters, than by General Garfield and the Republican party? The Democratic campaign this year, as in every Presidential election for the last sixteen years, is a huge sham and pretense. The party has practically abandoned its platform of fraud by discarding the candidate who was in himself that platform; and without principles or policies of its own, quotes Republican principles from a Union General, and nominates him upon them as a platform. The Republican party was the Union party, which directed the war and General Hancock. The Republican party was the party of the principles which General Hancock announced in his Louisiana order. He was relieved at his own request, not because he enforced those principles, but because he was believed from his conduct not to be in sincere sympathy with them. The Democratic party, as the defender of the natural rights of persons, of liberty of speech and the press, of the habeas corpus and of jury trial, and assuming to be the party of the war, is as great a sham as the Democratic party nominating Horace Greeley in 1872, and shouting "reform" in 1876.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S LETTER.

General Garfield's letter of acceptance cordially approves the Chicago platform, and elaborates some of its points. His position in regard to the nature and extent of the national power is that which he has always maintained, and which is undoubtedly that of the country. His expression of it is unequivocal, and is in no way inconsistent with what he has said in Congress. While he heartily sustains national election laws, he thinks them capable of amendment. But in this letter it is the principle, not the detail, that he naturally considers. The question of free elections, of the right of every voter to be protected by the government in which he is discharging his part, is fundamental. It is one of the great results of the war, but it is not yet acknowledged in many parts of the Southern States, and it is a question quite as vital as commercial prosperity and industrial enterprise. The "Southern Question" exists so long as there is a general and systematic suppression of the colored vote. It is by that suppression, which is the permanent overthrow of the most essential political right, that the South is made solid; and the South is solid for no national and patriotic purpose that has been as yet disclosed. The attitude of the Democratic party toward the new citizens in the Southern States is essentially hostile to the government itself by constantly casting doubt upon the honesty of the vote of a large section. While this condition of things endures, the Republican party can not be divided.

General Garfield being in himself a hard-money platform, all that he says upon the finances is sound, although he might have said more as to future policy. There are still important problems before us, and one great advantage of General Garfield's candidacy is that his clear convictions are so well known as to assure the country that his administration would take no backward steps. His remarks upon the tariff imply a leaning to protection, which he has always shown. But this is a point upon which neither party is agreed. General Garfield's treatment of the Chinese question shows that he hopes much from the Angell commission, and that he favors some kind of restriction of that immigration.

The part of the letter which treats of the civil service is inadequate and disappointing. The writer is more anxious to placate its enemies than to satisfy its friends, and it can not be honestly said that he gives those friends any encouragement, or that he shows a just appreciation of the importance or the merits of the question. It is, indeed, as we have often said, a question of which both parties, as such, are very wary, although the great mass of those who are interested in it are Republicans. The Chicago Convention would not have made any declaration except for the persistence of Massachusetts and the ludicrous outburst of Flannagan, of Texas. Having made the declaration, however, it is a part of the platform, and when General Garfield says that "I cordially indorse the principles set forth in the platform," he includes the principle that "fitness, determined by practical tests, should admit to the service." We have no doubt that a decisive expression of conviction as to the vice of the present system, the necessity of a radical reform, and the promise of faithful endeavor, with a frank statement of the difficulties of the Executive position, and a deprecation of too sanguine expectation of immediate results, would have been heartily welcomed by the people, however the politicians might have sneered, and it would have been certainly an earnest of continued progress. This part of General Garfield's letter will disappoint every friend of reform. But while we confess our own disappointment, we admit that it is much better to say too little than too much, and no voter would withhold his vote from the Republican candidate in the expectation that any kind of administrative reform, or anything but the sharpest "inquisition for spoils," is to be expected from Democratic success. The vital question of the campaign is the comparative trust of the country in the two parties. The platforms of both are evasive and unsatisfactory, but the history, the spirit, the character, and tendency of each are their credentials to popular confidence or distrust.

REMARKABLE CAMPAIGN CLUBS.

The entertaining assumption of the Democratic party that it was peculiarly the party of the Union and the war is to be followed by the formation of clubs of Democratic Hancock veterans. These clubs, we suppose, will be exceedingly numerous and popular in the Democratic stronghold, the Southern States. The number of Union veterans in that part of the country is prodigious; and the Arkansas Hancock Unionists, the Mississippi Boys in Blue, the Louisiana Stripes and Stars, the Texas Rank and File of the Glorious Second, and the Alabama Gettysburg Loyal Pioneers, will be a surprising and edifying spectacle. Hancock is a name so closely identified with the military glory of the "solid South," which is to furnish the bulk of the Hancock votes, that it is a peculiarly felicitous thought to rub him in, so to speak, by military clubs which will emphasize the victories of the Union arms.

If it is supposed that this would be a dexterous dodge for the Northern States, it is sad to see that the only veterans who have thus far been active in the enterprise are the familiar Democratic war-horses, who have steadily supported every Democratic ticket for many years. Generals Slocum and Smith and McQuade, for instance, in New York, are not recent accessions to the Democratic column. Their Hancock veteran clubs will be only military forms of the shaking-hands-over-the-bloody-chasm clubs of 1872, and the Tilden and Reform clubs of 1876. It may be a coat of a new color, but it is the familiar old wearer.

Should the plan be carried out, we trust that the Republican soldiers of the Second Corps will organize in the same way. If there are to be political clubs founded upon service in the Union army, the party of the Union will not lag behind. Whether such a course is desirable is another question, and one for the Democratic managers to consider. The pride of such clubs will be victory over the rebellion. But that a lively reminder of that victory, and of the fighting that secured it, would be wise Democratic campaign tactics, is not perfectly clear, although the ardor with which the Southern wing of the Hancock voters would engage in reminiscences of the war, and in glorifying Union generals and soldiers and victories, is self-evident. Senator Butler, as president of the Hamburg South Carolina Union Volunteers, would be a very eloquent figure, and Senator Wade Hampton recounting gloriously to enthusiastic ex-Butternuts the efficiency of Hancock at Gettysburg would be remarkable political campaigning. The motion for Hancock veteran clubs as Democratic auxiliaries may be wisely reconsidered.

LAW AND BRUTE FORCE.

Senator Bayard, in a late speech commending the Democratic nominations, having spoken of the party which was responsible for the civil war as a party of the greatest patriotism, proceeded to arraign the Republican party as preferring force to law, and declared that this difference is "the great underlying principle of the two parties." This is a kind of comparison from which Republicans will hardly shrink. The patriotism of the Democratic party did not prevent its leaders from attempting the overthrow of the government. Its love of law did not withhold them from scornful contempt of the result of a lawful election, as Democratic love of liberty had not prevented the party from being a mere conspiracy to maintain and extend human slavery. These, indeed, are matters of tradition, and as slavery, despite the Democratic party, has been abolished, the party can be no longer its chief bulwark and support. But these things are not to be forgotten when a Democratic orator celebrates the patriotic love of liberty of his party. It is also to be remembered that these things were not of so remote a date that there is any doubt of them. Many of the most active Democratic leaders of to-day were Democratic leaders then. The young men of the party were educated in servility to slavery, and to see in the Constitution of the United States a charter of separate States to enslave men at their pleasure. This was not a good school for young Americans, and his views must be singularly distorted who supposes that the Tories at the end of the Revolutionary war would have been safer guardians of the new government than the Sons of Liberty.

But is Senator Bayard's charge well founded? Is the Republican a party of force rather than of law? The conclusive answer is the Republican administration. There could be no more amusing folly than to displace Republican administration under the plea that it favored the bayonet and brute force rather than law. A more loyal, patriotic, "law-abiding," truly conservative Administration than that which we now have, and which, we venture to say, is as acceptable to intelligent Democrats as Republicans, could not well be conceived. Senator Bayard admits that the attempt to renominate at Chicago a man whom he describes as typifying nothing but brute force and arbitrary power failed. He adds, however, that the failure was due to a quarrel of machines. But if the "underlying principle" of the party were what he alleges it to be, it would be represented in the nomination, while the droll fact is that the party of "brute force" nominates a distinguished civilian, and the anti-"bayonet" party of "law" nominates a professional soldier. Senator Bayard is too shrewd not to feel the absurdity of his position. He says that the reason that the Democratic party nominated General Hancock is that God has given him "the same characteristics of conscience and self-control that he gave to the great George Washington." But Mr. Bayard could not deny to Mr. Garfield as much conscience and power of self-control as he concedes to General Hancock, and he must add to these the instincts and trainings of a civilian as against those of a professional soldier. If Mr. Bayard had wished not to make a special plea for the Democratic nomination of a soldier, but to state the case as it is understood, he would have said that General Hancock was nominated because of the bitter feud in the party, which made it desirable to select a candidate without a record, who represented nothing in particular.

Indeed, while Mr. Bayard was saying that General Hancock stands for the supremacy of the law over the sword, his coadjutor, Mr.

John Kelly, was saying that if the General was elected, he would take his seat, which remark, as obviously meant to be understood, is a simple threat that he would force his way into the office. It will be extremely difficult for the Democratic party to masquerade successfully as a party of law and order, and equal rights, and patriotism, and loyalty to the Constitution and the public faith. These are all dissociated with that party in the public mind. His own party associates in Congress wished to ostracize Mr. Bayard when he stood for honest money; and the chief Democratic cry against Mr. Tilden was that he did not declare himself elected, and push by force of arms into the White House.

RUBBING AND SHINING.

The Democratic papers which will not accept Republican questioning of the Poland report, which is the sole support of the Crédit Mobilier charge against General Garfield, will listen perhaps more kindly to Democratic testimony against the assumption of that report that General Garfield lied. This is the only charge, for the report and universal consent totally acquit him of corruption, and Mr. Poland, the chairman, frankly accepts the judgment of the country as against that of his report. On the 2d of July of this year he wrote to ex-Governor Fletcher, of Vermont:

> "At the time of the investigation the public mind was greatly excited on the subject, and it involved the character and reputation of so many prominent men that probably no mere personal matter ever was so thoroughly canvassed and discussed by the reading and intelligent people of this country. After the most exhaustive discussion and reflection, the judgment of the people of this country was made up as to each man who was named as connected with it. Saying nothing in regard to any other man, I think I may most truthfully say that this public and popular judgment fully and absolutely acquitted General Garfield of all wrong, either in act or intent, in relation to the matter. No man could have been continued in public life, and constantly risen in public standing and in the public estimation, by the consent and approval of the best men of both parties, as General Garfield has, if there existed a suspicion of wrong-doing against him. I regard this popular and continued verdict of the people as conclusive. Every effort to re-open and unsettle it will, in my judgment, only recoil upon those who attempt it."

In the autumn of 1873, Senator Thurman said:

> "Oakes Ames swears that Garfield got ten shares, and Garfield swears that he did not do anything of the kind. There was a good deal of talk, but no proof against him, and I am compelled to say that Garfield gets out better than any one else; and on the whole there was not sufficient evidence to fasten corruption at his door."

Mr. Thurman would have liked to hit so eminent a political opponent as Mr. Garfield, but he was too candid to prevaricate. He admitted what every man now sees, but what the Poland report did not see, that "there was a good deal of talk, but no proof against him." That is the conclusion of the whole matter: "no proof"—nothing but the word of a confessed briber, who also confesses the treachery of his memory, against the simple assertion of a perfectly upright man. It is no wonder that the New York *World*, after quoting the words of Mr. Thurman at the time, should say,

> "After considering all the testimony, on the whole we concur in this view of Mr. Garfield's connection with the Crédit Mobilier."

THE POWER OF REMOVAL.

The opinion of Judge Davis upon the Mayor's power of removal contains the common-sense of the matter. Governor Dix, also, in one of his messages, stated the true doctrine with clearness and force. Indeed, the very object of giving an executive officer authority to remove is to provide a remedy without the forms and delays of the courts; and to hold that conferring such authority makes the executive officer a court to hear counsel and witnesses under the rules of evidence is to defeat the very purpose sought. If the intention were a remedy by the usual process of courts, the decision would have been left to the courts, of which there are enough. But the aim is a prompt correction of official inefficiency, and in the case of a Mayor he is to act upon his responsibility.

The argument that he may use his power wantonly is answered by two considerations. All power may be abused, and if this particular exercise of it be misused, the Mayor himself can be peremptorily removed, or the people will settle with him at the polls. When the Mayor or any similar superior officer is satisfied, either by his own observation or upon information, that a subordinate is incompetent or inefficient, the smooth working of any municipal system requires that he should have authority to remove the obstruction. He must be the judge of the cause of removal. He does not necessarily allege a crime of the kind of which courts have cognizance, and he is to decide whether the explanation of misconduct is adequate.

The sophistry of the courts upon this question has now become so dangerous to efficient administration that the Legislature can not be too careful, in conferring the power of removal, to define it beyond a quibble. It should state clearly that when it gives a Mayor authority to remove for cause, it does not mean to give every municipal officer the right to resist removal until the willful violation of a statute can be proved against him by ordinary criminal or civil process. The Mayor is charged with the general superintendence of the order and cleanliness of the city. If he is satisfied, for instance, that those who have the special care of the streets are neglectful, lazy, and inefficient, he must be able to remove them peremptorily and upon his responsibility, or good government is impossible. This is the general truth which is stated cogently in Judge Davis's opinion, and it commends itself to the good sense of the community.

DR. WOOLWORTH.

The death of Dr. Samuel B. Woolworth, the honorary secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of New York, followed fast upon his retirement from active labor, and it removes from the service of the State one of the most devoted, upright, and efficient of officers. The Board of Regents have supervision of all the academies of the State, to which certain assistance depends upon the result of examinations and other details, of which the strictest record must be kept. The secretary is the active executive officer of the board, and the incessant duties of his office are immense and laborious.

Dr. Woolworth had been a teacher, and his professional experience was of the highest value to him in his post. He knew all the academies in the State, and almost all of the principals. He understood their peculiar trials and necessities, and he had the most earnest interest in academic instruction. This earnestness in the cause, his personal sympathy with teachers, and his unselfish devotion to duty commanded the highest confidence and respect of all who knew him, and especially of those who were thrown into official relations with him. His death will be a personal loss in every part of the State, and although his name was not very conspicuous, there was no man in public employment who deserved and received more profound respect for his honorable fidelity.

The State and the Board of Regents are fortunate that in Dr. Murray they have secured so admirable a successor to the late secretary. Dr. Murray is a man of great administrative faculty in the precise sphere of the university, and his scholarly accomplishment and wide experience peculiarly adapt him to the enlarging sphere of the university supervision. The Board of Regents are the official agents of the State in its relations to higher education. Their powers are, indeed, ill defined, but their influence over academic instruction is very great, and as Dr. Woolworth, ripe in years and in general respect, departs, it is a subject of public congratulation that his good work will be carried still further by his successor.

"FREE DRINKS."

A free ice-water fountain has been opened to the public at the Post-office, and it was used by twenty-five thousand persons during the first week. It is stated that the "saloons" and "sample-rooms" in the neighborhood have felt the presence of this neighbor in reduced custom, and the *World* suggests that the temperance societies should place similar fountains at convenient points throughout the city. There is no doubt that a great deal of liquor tippling is due to the fact that the thirsty wayfarer in the street can not find a handy glass of water. If the temperance societies decide to furnish such drinking fountains, however, they must beware of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which justly holds that very icy ice-water is very pernicious, and that the liquid should be cool, like fresh spring-water upon a hill-side, rather than the drip of melting ice. This result can be attained very easily by putting the ice in a separate cylinder around the water. The suggestion of the *World* is excellent, and experience at the Post-office shows the beneficence of the free fountain.

SCHOOL OF POLITICAL SCIENCE.

The trustees of Columbia College have established a School of Political Science, "designed to prepare young men for the duties of public life." It is a most important and admirable step. It implies that intelligence, the experience of other nations, and the recorded wisdom of profound thinkers are indispensable to the wise conduct of public affairs. The familiar American theory is somewhat different. It is that a boy who has learned to read, write, and cipher, and has "got the hang" of the primary, and is "in" with the smaller and larger bosses, who has no nonsense of "principle," or "progress," or "reform" about him, but is "practical" enough to take men as they are, and not as saints or angels, has a complete outfit for public life, and should be "on the make" as soon as possible.

It is, indeed, a fundamental assumption in a popular republic that great political offices may be adequately filled by men of average capacity and intelligence, and that it is not necessary to select governing officers from a particular hereditary or privileged class. But no republican theory denies that the public business can be transacted most economically and efficiently by trained intelligence and ability. The financial system of a country, for instance, can be managed most advantageously to every citizen and interest by those who are masters and experts, and it is therefore simple common-sense to select such men as legislators, instead of men who know nothing of financial principles or experience, and who gravely propose, through sheer ignorance, plans which have always ended in catastrophes. In fine, the popular republican theory does not hold that ignorance can do the work of intelligence. It rejects "classes" only in the sense of arbitrary privilege; but the most perfect republic would instinctively select all its agents from the fittest and most enlightened class of its citizens.

The demand for civil service reform is one expression of this instinct, and the School of Political Science which Columbia College now establishes is another recognition of it. It will enable a young man of decided political tastes to gratify them in the most legitimate way by benefiting his country. General Garfield is a signal illustration of the advantages of trained intelligence in politics. He has been not only a poor boy, making his way steadily upward; not only a soldier of great ability and efficiency, and a member of Congress; but he has surpassed other poor boys and brave soldiers and members of Congress by being a faithful scholar of political science. He has been, indeed, to no such school, because none such was accessible to him. But he has made it for himself. He has been to school to the great political teachers of all times and countries. He is self-taught by taking all the pains necessary to know general and special constitutional history and law, and the various branches of political science. The work which was scattered and difficult for him, but which he has triumphantly done, is made convenient and easy for younger men by the Columbia College school. Its full course will cover three years, and, when satisfactorily pursued, will entitle the student to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. One year's similar study will procure the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. The scheme is admirable, and shows that the management of the college is thoroughly alive to the just demands of the times.

PERSONAL.

The many friends of the late Dr. Ripley will read with warm interest the following extract from a letter written by a well-known and successful author and editor to a common friend:

> "I think of the dear old man with grateful recollections of the many and timely kind words he had said to me; and recall that he was always the kind and judicious friend of young men coming to New York, friendless and poor, to try literature. I know dozens of instances where youngsters came to him timidly, and expecting nothing, as I did nearly twenty-five years ago, with a letter of introduction which I knew meant little or nothing; and the cordial reception, the cheerful and kindly good advice, the practical suggestion, but, above all, the real and heart-felt and fatherly human interest which Mr. Ripley showered on the raw stranger, gave him courage to persist.... He was for many years like a father to the younger tribe of us, who are now ourselves gray; he loved to cheer up, to foster, the ability he saw, to greet us with a good word and a friendly grasp of the hand.... He made even the obscurest and most timid youngster feel that he belonged, not to an aristocracy, but to a republic, of letters. He hunted up work for those who needed a start; he visited the sick; he had a hearty welcome for those in trouble who wanted advice; and he made us all feel that his interest in us, his pleasure in our success, his grief for those who dropped by the way, was genuine. Therefore it was that he was often fondly spoken of as 'Father Ripley.'.... We all knew him to be a learned man, an able critic, but it was for his goodness to the humble and less fortunate, for his kind heart, and for that real love of knowledge, that generous intelligence which made him rejoice in and welcome all good work, no matter who did it—it was for these things we loved him."

—Professor Baird is said by *The Hour* to be an insatiable novel-reader. When he goes away for the summer's fish-work he takes with him a large valise of two compartments. One is filled with the paper-covered novels about to be read, together with those swiftly disposed of, where his family may browse at their pleasure. Professor Baird always lays in a large stock of the works published in the "Franklin Square Library" and "Harper's Half-hour Series," which comprise some of the most entertaining literature in a convenient and portable form.

—No contributor to religious literature in this country is more popular than the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., of the Broadway Tabernacle, and we are not surprised to learn that two of his works have just been republished in England—*The Gospel Miracles in their Relation to Christ and Christianity*, and *David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons.*

—The proposed monument to Victor Emanuel at Vercelli, by Ercole Rosa, is nearly sixty feet high, and at the base of the column are placed female figures representing the three most eventful periods of Italian history—1849, 1859, and 1870.

—Senator Blaine has returned to Augusta, where he has refused the urgent entreaties of his constituency to permit them to offer him a formal reception. The *Kennebec Journal* says that "had Mr. Blaine consented, there would have been the largest and most enthusiastic demonstration that has ever taken place in the Kennebec Valley." The Senator intends to take an active part in the work of the campaign.

—Mr. Tennyson is taking a long journey through Italy and Switzerland.

—The villa of Theodor Mommsen, the distinguished German professor and antiquarian, at Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin, has been burned down. Professor Mommsen was severely injured. A very valuable collection of scientific and historical works, etc., collected with great trouble and expense from all over the world, was destroyed, and the loss is irreparable. Forty thousand volumes were lost.

—The London *World* says it is rumored that the Prince of Wales will make a tour of Australia, visiting the Melbourne Exhibition.

—The first year's sales of William Blaikie's *How to Get Strong* have exceeded 17,000 in the United States alone, while in England Messrs. Sampson Low & Marston, the London publishers, found the demand so active that they could not supply fast enough from this side, and issued an English edition, which has been received with great favor both by the British press and public. There is also a Canadian edition, and a German translation is reported. The book has been made a text-book at the Riverside Military Academy at Poughkeepsie, at the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and elsewhere. The Boston *Gazette* says: "Its sharp attack on the management of the university gymnasiums of the country, and notably that at Harvard, has led to the placing of Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, formerly of the Fifth Avenue Gymnasium, New York, in charge there, making him a member of the faculty, and giving him a life position, while President Eliot reports the result already as highly gratifying."

—Miss Elizabeth L. Diller died in the hospital on Randall's Island July 14, from the burns she received on the *Seawanhaka*, which was destroyed by fire in Little Hell Gate on Monday afternoon, June 28. Miss Diller was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Jacob W. Diller, rector emeritus of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. Dr. Diller, who was seventy years old, was with her on the steamer. When the fire broke out he and she stood on the bow, hemmed in by the advancing flames. He was feeble and dazed. She managed to fasten a life-preserver about him, but was unable to persuade or force him to spring overboard. She clung to him as long as she could, and the flames had burned her face and shoulders horribly, when, seeing that it was impossible to stir him, she kissed him good-by, and sprang into the water. He was burned to death where he stood. Miss Diller was picked up in the water, so severely burned that her life was despaired of. She remained at the hospital until released by death.

—M. Victorien Sardou is said to have already received $24,000 as the proceeds of *Daniel Rochat.*

—In South Wales, near Swansea, where Patti lives, the railway authorities have erected a temporary platform near her residence, and the train stops there at her order.

—The will of General John Alfred Hazard, recently admitted to probate at Newport, Rhode Island, leaves an estate of over $200,000 almost wholly to the Newport Hospital. The widow is left only her dower, and the fact that one of the executors and a witness to the will are trustees of the hospital may aid her contest. An effort to compromise is rumored.

—At the recent sale of the private library of M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot, in Paris, forty-four alleged original drawings of Holbein for his *Dance of Death* were sold for 20,000 francs. Dr. Woltman in 1868 examined these drawings, and decided that they were not original, but copies from Holbein's drawings; in his opinion the originals were drawn upon the wood blocks.

—Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley received in South Africa a salary of $30,000, in addition to a staff allowance of $10,000, "unattached pay" of $6 25 a day as a general officer, and $10 a day as field allowance—in all about $46,000 a year.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes says that a "foreigner might well think the patron saint of America was St. Anniversary."

—Captain Eads, California's new consulting engineer, has gone to that State, and will begin his work by making a thorough examination of the Sacramento River. He has declined the proposition of Dom Pedro to accept the charge of the Brazilian Engineering Department, recommending, however, an American engineer, who has been appointed. Captain Eads expects to return from California in August, and will possibly go to his work in Portugal in the autumn.

—Of the bishops, judges, and other official personages who took part in the ceremony of Queen Victoria's coronation forty-two years ago, all are now dead.

—General Garfield has named the new home which he has just finished at Mentor, Ohio, Lawnfield. He preferred Rudolphia, after his wife's maiden name, but she sensibly objected.

—President Hayes does not sing, but Mrs. Hayes is said to have a sweet, old-fashioned voice, which she uses in church. She always walks to church, believing, it is reported, that it is wrong to ride there.

—Baron J. J. Van den Wyngaert, president of the German Millers' Association, is visiting this country, at the request of the German government, to inspect the various wheat-growing regions and the methods of milling. He praises Minnesota and Northern Dakota as the best wheat-growing States. He visited several farmers in Minnesota a short time since with General Sherman, and is quoted as saying: "You little understand the injury Eastern grain merchants and elevator men are doing you. Your wheat comes to us so mixed with inferior grades that it is useless, and we are forced to use a Russian wheat, not nearly so good, to give the necessary strength to our flours."

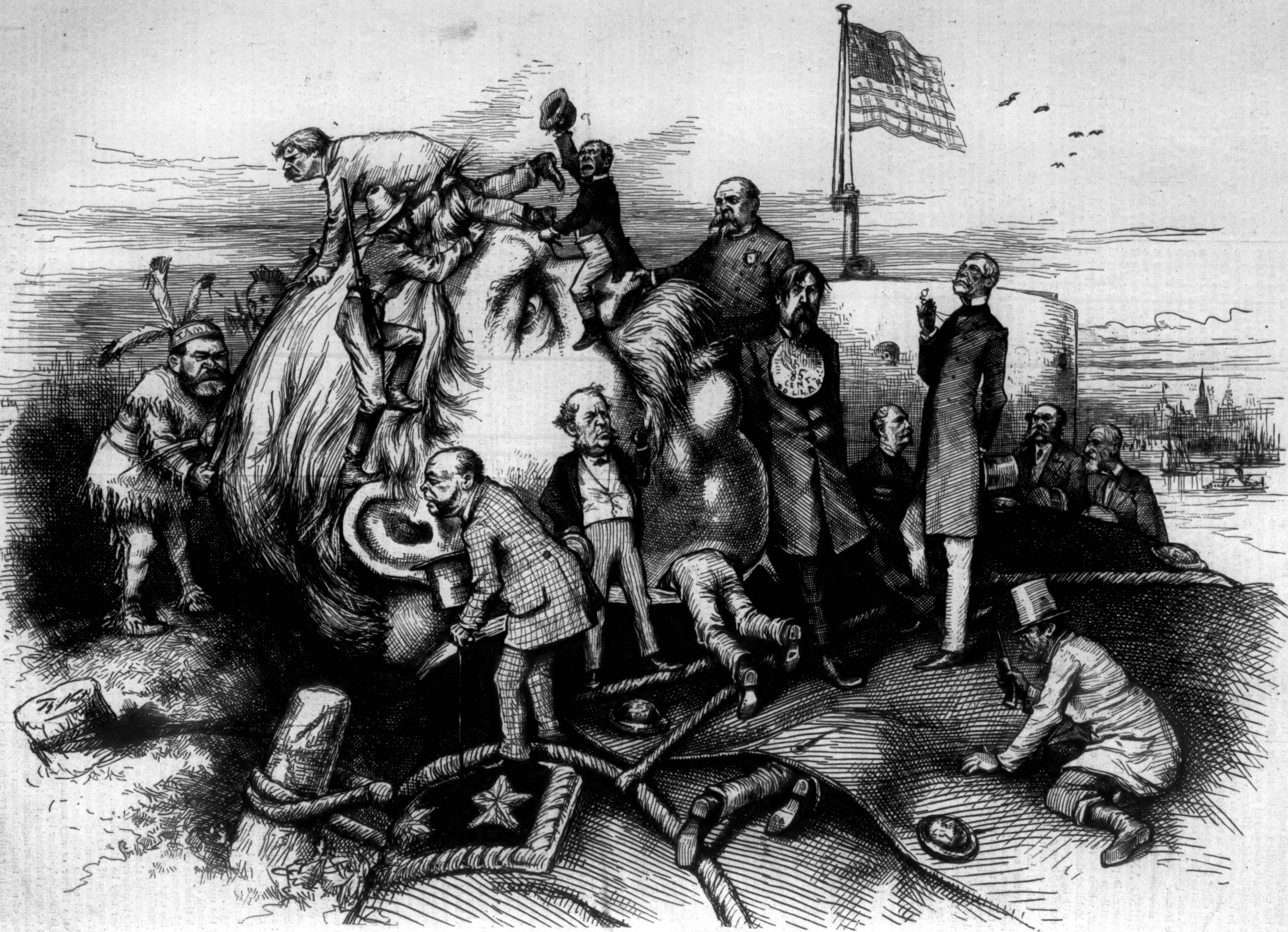
—Lord Ripon is descended from an extinct line of Marquises Grey and Dukes of Kent. His own name was George Robinson, but this descent gave him some right to change his name, as he did, to De Grey.

—The Grand Vizier complained to an English gentleman, not long since, that he was forced by his master to practice the most pitiable deceptions. The Turks are notoriously a faithless race, but the present Sultan is perhaps the most faithless of them all, weak, cowardly, the slave of his slaves, dependent on his astrologers, without a manly trait, and making duplicity his stronghold.

—William Black, the "landscape novelist," when visiting this country, was impressed with the beauty of our Northeastern sea-shore, particularly at Manchester-by-the-Sea, and particularly there at the pleasure-grounds of Dr. Bartol.

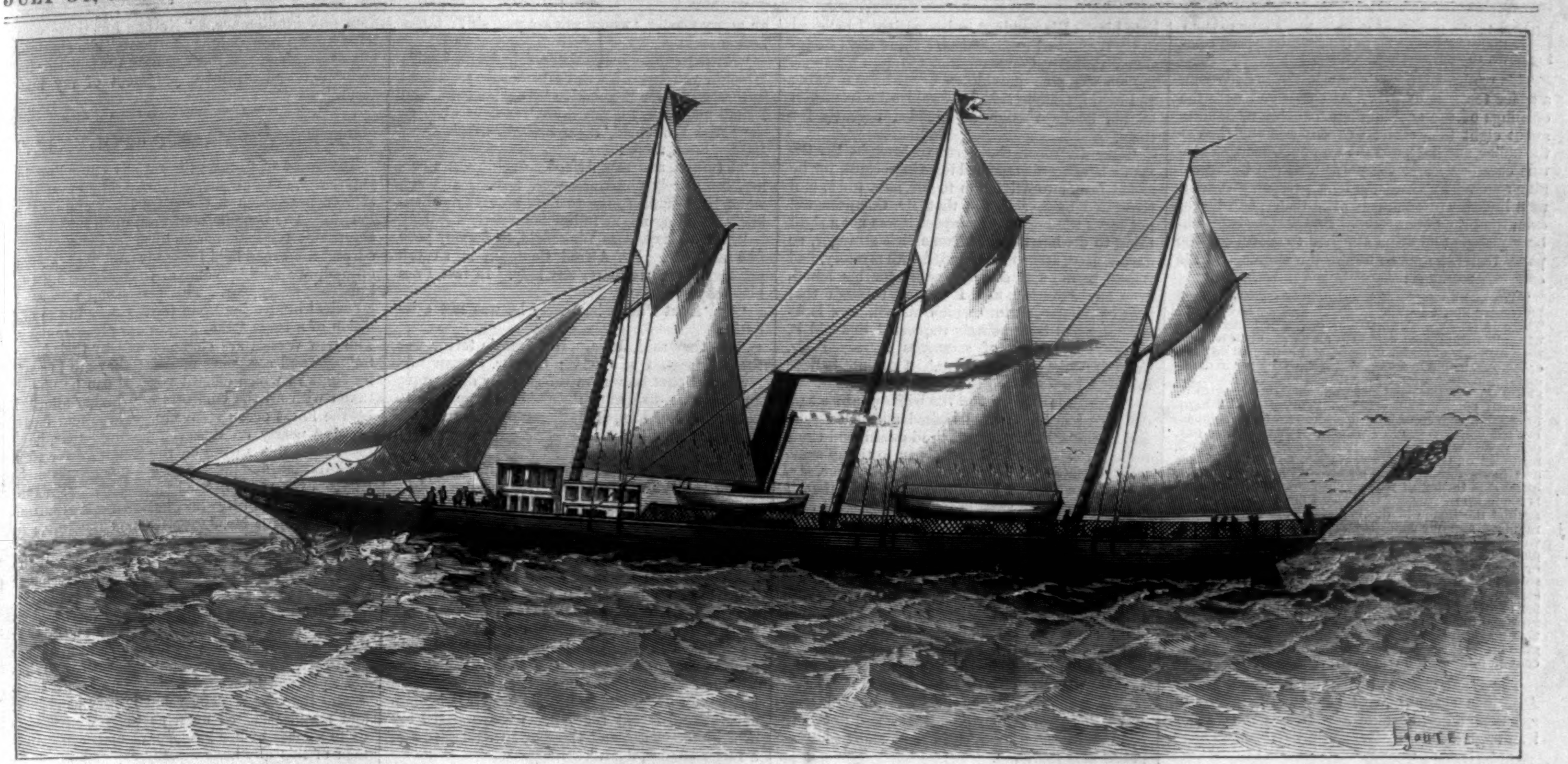
—The wives of the ex-Khedive of Egypt have returned to Naples from Smyrna.

—The Emperor William is described as looking better than he has done for years, and wearing a robust and hearty air. He regards himself at Ems as a soldier on leave of absence. He seldom wears his customary uniform, but generally appears in plain dress, which is, however, less becoming to him than his well-known regimentals. His mode of life at Ems is rather monotonous. He rises early, visits the "Brunnen," takes his constitutional walk on the promenade, and then sets to official work. Any distinguished frequenters of the famous Spa may be sure of an invitation to his Majesty's ever hospitable board. The evenings are usually spent at the Royal Theatre in the Kurhaus, where he sits among the audience, without any particular box being set apart for him. He delights in listening to comedies and farces, whose wit never fails to evoke a smile or arouse his laughter, which, ringing with unaffected pleasure, is always a treat for the whole house.



GENERAL HANCOCK GULLIVER, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT AS FAR AS YOU'VE GOT?

"I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backward and forward on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behavior, soon drove out these imaginations. . . . However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them."



JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S NEW STEAM-YACHT "POLYNIA."—From a Sketch by C. P. K.—[See Page 486.]

THE STEAMER "ANTHRACITE."

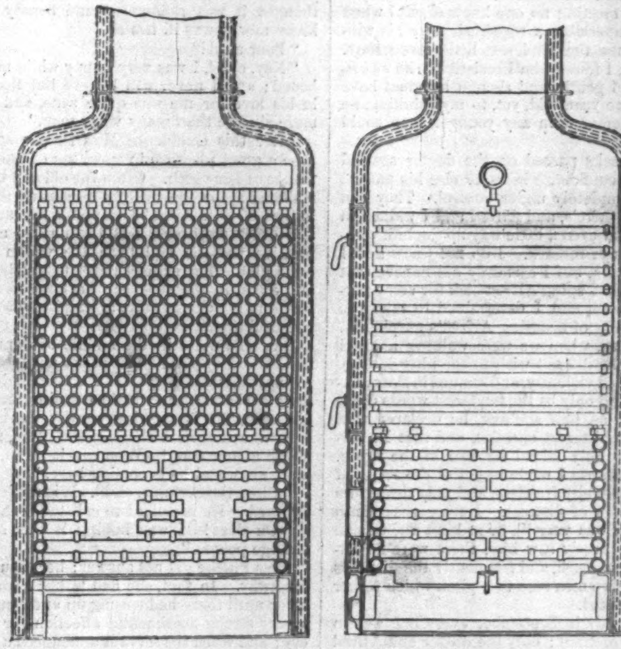
The little screw-steamer *Anthracite*, which has awakened so much interest among shipping men, is a genuine deep-water craft in her model, with high bulwarks, sky-lights, and hatches calculated for heavy seas, a pair of cockle-shell boats in the davits, and a most piratically "raking" smoke-stack. She was not built for speed, but for the special purpose of testing the practical value of the Perkins system of engine and boiler when applied to ocean steam navigation. She is owned by Mr. Richard Power, a wealthy contractor of London, and was built by Schlesinger, Davis, & Co., of Wallsend, England.

The *Anthracite* is constructed of iron, is eighty-four feet long, sixteen feet beam, and ten feet depth of hold. Engine and boilers occupy a space of twenty-two and a half feet. The peculiarity of the Perkins system is that it is a contrivance for safely using superheated steam, and the advantages claimed are, first, economy in fuel. It is claimed that an engine constructed on this plan can be run with less than one-half the coal required for an ordinary engine. Second, absolute safety. The boilers are tested to 2500 pounds per square inch, and are only required to be run at a pressure of from 300 pounds to 500 pounds per square inch. Third, durability. It is claimed that the boiler and engine will outlast the ship. Fourth, economy of space and weight. Only fresh water is used in the boiler; and this, after passing into steam, and doing its work in the cylinders, is condensed and returned to the boiler, to be used over and over again, the loss being very slight, and easily supplied by a small still which provides fresh-water from the sea to replenish any waste that may occur in the boiler, and also provide fresh-water in abundance for all other purposes for which it may be required when at sea. The water used for the boiler being thoroughly distilled, deposits no sediment to form scale in the tubes.

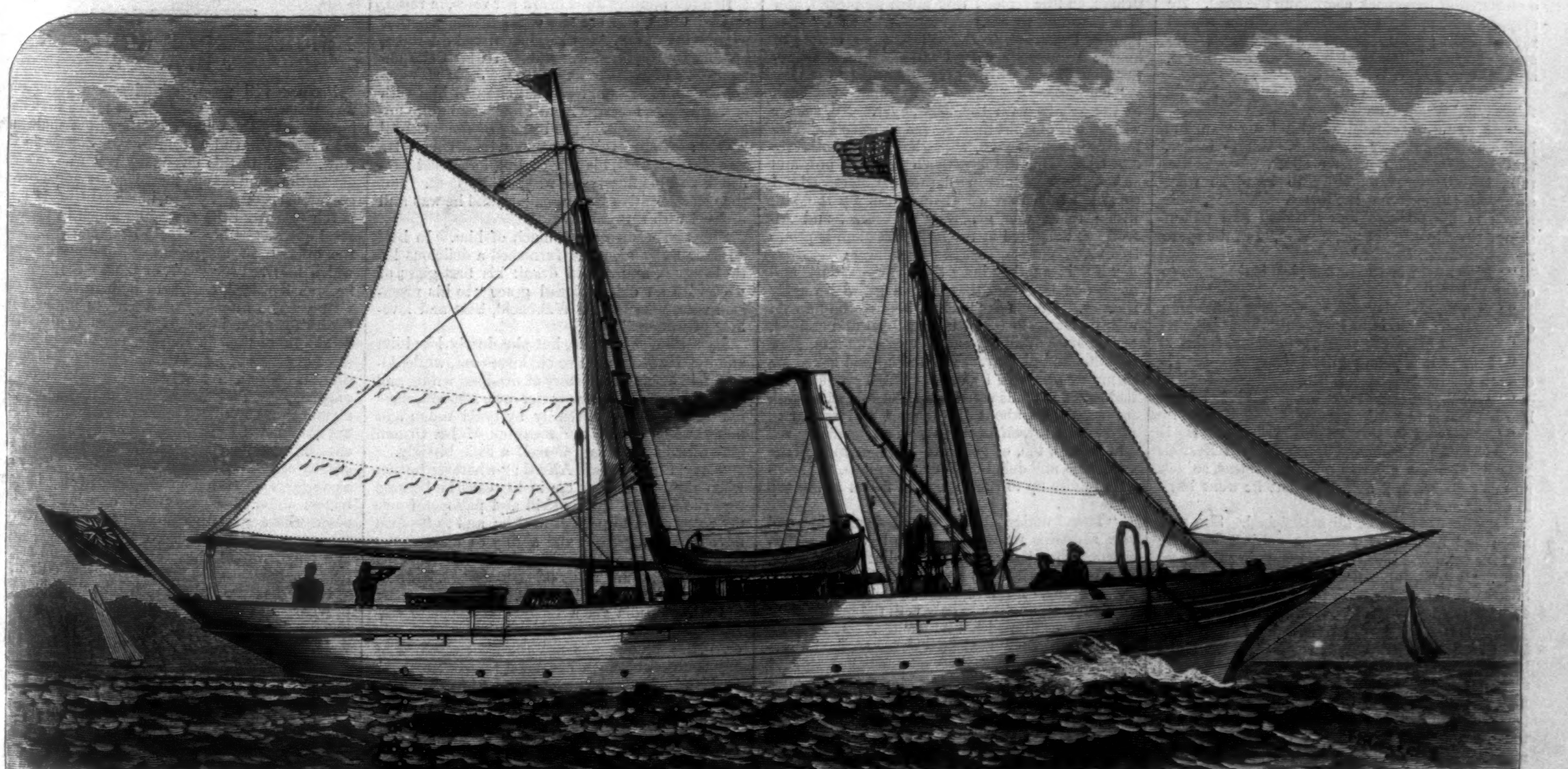
After a successful trial trip in English waters, the owner of the *Anthracite* determined to send her across the ocean, as such a voyage, if successful, would fully demonstrate the practical value of the invention. The result was entirely satisfactory. A steady pressure of 350 pounds to the square inch was kept up, and an average speed of about six knots per hour was attained. The maximum speed for any day of the trip was about seven and a half knots. It would have been comparatively easy to increase this speed, but this could only have been done by an increased consumption of coal, and one of the prime objects of the experiment was to show the great economy in fuel possible by this system. In eighteen days the consumption of coal was less than twenty tons.

Soon after her arrival here, the *Anthracite* made an exhibition trip up the Hudson, carrying a number of gentlemen who were interested in the trial of her machinery. The trip lasted four hours, and involved the consumption of less than four hundred pounds of coal. The chief engineer, James McInness, readily gave all the information the guests desired. Speaking of the boiler, he said:

"What the Perkins engine does is just this: In place of the old-style way of having a great pot, and covering it over, and when it is half filled with water, setting the whole to a grand boil, and keeping it up until there is pressure enough to drive the engine, with all the chances of explosion and loss of force, we simply take the water, and heat it in a series of pipes. We know that every pipe (only a few feet in length) is strong before we use it, and there is no stronger reservoir than an iron pipe. The fire can play all about the pipes, and here comes in the great economy of coal. The system is capable of expansion to any extent. Just add pipe to pipe, and you have banks of boilers for a large steamer. This economy of fuel means a great deal. On the *Gallia* or the *Arizona*, for instance, not less than one hundred tons of coal a day is consumed. We will guarantee a reduction of, say, one-half, to be on the safe side; and the cost of that much fuel is saved, and the room is left for freight. Then the boiler being so much smaller, leaves more room for freight. Look, now—the gauge says 420 pounds of steam, while on the ordinary boiler on the ocean steamer it marks perhaps 70. They may blow up, because a tear in their boilers means the escape of a tremendous body of steam. We can not blow up. If I should take a sledge, and knock off the end of a tube there, there would be an escape of steam, the pressure would fall, the fire go out, and the engine stop. That is all. Very inconvenient, no doubt, especially if it



CROSS SECTION OF BOILER—FRONT AND SIDE.



THE OCEAN STEAM-YACHT "ANTHRACITE."—From a Sketch by F. S. Cozzens.

left you in the trough of the sea, but a mighty sight better than being sent up to the cross-trees, and coming down to find the steamer gone."

This explanation was given in the boiler-room, a space ten feet by five. At either end were the openings of the coal-bunkers, capable of holding about eight tons each; in front was the face of the boiler, and back was the iron bulk-head. From this confined space the party repaired to the engine-room. The way was by a passage just fourteen inches wide alongside the boiler, and hotter even than the boiler-room. Dodging various bobbing pistons and arms attached to eccentrics, the party reach the space before the engine, and the engineer resumed:

"We had a couple of hogsheads of water in a tank before we started from England, and we have it yet. There is no loss. The patent compound engine we use takes the steam first into an eight-inch cylinder, then into one of sixteen inches, and before all its power is gone, into a cylinder twenty-three inches in diameter, all having a stroke of fifteen inches. Then the steam goes to the condenser, and so to the tank to be pumped back into the boiler. The merits of high-pressure steam have long been known to machinists, but the packing would not hold. It was burned out, and this is what we use. It is an anti-friction metal, made up of tin, antimony, copper, and other metals, and looks like German silver. When a cylinder is made it is turned as true as possible, and the plunger is made up of rings of this metal made so as to press against the inside of the cylinder. No lubrication is required, and our water is just as clean as it was when we started. No grease gets mixed with the steam, or gets into the boiler to create acid and eat away the iron, or make the boiler prime and foam. We successfully solved the problem of a packing to suit high-pressure steam. The metal we have now got in has been there for eighteen months, and there is no leakage. She is now making 130 revolutions per minute, and can keep that up right along. There is not a more compact engine made. We used right along a hundred-weight of coal an hour on the way over."

The *Anthracite* will visit all of the principal American sea-ports, and her captain invites inspection and criticism of the new system by American engineers.

AN ONLY OFFER.

"Aunt Phœbe, were you ever pretty?"

"When I was sixteen I was considered so. I was very like you then, Julia. I am forty-three now, remember."

"Did you ever have an offer—an offer of marriage, I mean, aunt?"

"No. Well, that is not true; I did have one offer."

"And you refused it?"

"No."

"Then he died, or went away?"

"No."

"Or deserted you?"

"No."

"Then you deceived him, I suppose?"

"I did not."

"What ever happened, then? Was he poor, or crippled, or something dreadful?"

"He was rich and handsome."

"Suppose you tell me about him."

"I never talk about him to any one."

"Did it happen at the old place?"

"Yes, Julia. I never left Ryelands until I was thirty. This happened when I was sixteen."

"Was he a farmer's son in the neighborhood?"

"He was a fine city gentleman."

"Oh, aunt, how interesting! Put down your embroidery and tell me about it; you can not see to work longer."

Perhaps after so many years of silence a sudden longing for sympathy and confidence seized the elder lady, for she let her work fall from her hands, and smiling sadly, said:

"Twenty-seven years ago I was standing one afternoon by the gate at Ryelands. All the work had been finished early, and my mother and two elder sisters had gone to the village to see a friend. I had watched them a little way down the hill-side, and was turning to go into the house, when I saw a stranger on horseback coming up the road. He stopped and spoke to mother, and this roused my curiosity; so I lingered at the gate. He stopped when he reached it, fastened his horse, and asked, 'Is Mr. Wakefield in?'

"I said 'father was in the barn, and I could fetch him,' which I immediately did.

"He was a dark, unpleasant-looking man, and had a masterful way with him, even to father, that I disliked; but after a short, business-like talk, apparently satisfactory to both, he went away without entering the house. Father put his hands in his pockets and watched him out of sight; then, looking at me, he said, 'Put the spare rooms in order, Phœbe.'

"'They are in order, father; but is that man to occupy them?'

"'Yes, he and his patient, a young gentleman of fine family, who is in bad health.'

"'Do you know the young gentleman, father?'

"'I know it is young Alfred Compton—that is enough for me.'

"'And the dark man who has just left? I don't like his looks, father.'

"'Nobody wants thee to like his looks. He is Mr. Alfred's physician—a Dr. Orman, of Boston. Neither of them are any of thy business, so ask no more questions;' and with that he went back to the barn.

"Mother was not at all astonished. She said there had been letters on the subject already, and that she had been rather expecting the company. 'But,' she added, 'they will pay well, and as Melissa is to be married at Christmas, ready money will be very needful.'

"About dark a carriage arrived. It contained two gentlemen and several large trunks. I had been watching for it behind the lilac-trees, and I saw that our afternoon visitor was now accompanied by a slight, very fair man, dressed with extreme care in the very highest fashion. I saw also that he was handsome, and I was quite sure he must be rich, or no doctor would wait upon him so subserviently.

"This doctor I had disliked at first sight, and I soon began to imagine that I had good cause to hate him. His conduct to his patient I believed to be tyrannical and unkind. Some days he insisted that Mr. Compton was too ill to go out, though the poor gentleman begged for a walk; and again, mother said, he would take from him all his books, though he pleaded urgently for them.

"One afternoon the postman brought Dr. Orman a letter, which seemed to be important, for he asked father to drive him to the next town, and requested mother to see that Mr. Compton did not leave the house. I suppose it was not a right thing to do, but this handsome sick stranger, so hardly used, and so surrounded with mystery, had roused in me a sincere sympathy for his loneliness and suffering, and I walked through that part of the garden into which his windows looked. We had been politely requested to avoid it, 'because the sight of strangers increased Mr. Compton's nervous condition.' I did not believe this, and I determined to try the experiment.

"He was leaning out of the window, and a sadder face I never saw. I smiled and courtesied, and he immediately leaped the low sill, and came toward me. I stooped and began to tie up some fallen carnations; he stooped and helped me, saying all the while I know not what, only that it seemed to me the most beautiful language I ever heard. Then we walked up and down the long peach walk until I heard the rattle of father's wagon.

"After this we became quietly, almost secretly as far as Dr. Orman was concerned, very great friends. Mother so thoroughly pitied Alfred that she not only pretended oblivion of our friendship, but even promoted it in many ways; and in the course of time Dr. Orman began to recognize its value. I was requested to walk past Mr. Compton's windows and say 'Good-morning,' or offer him a flower or some ripe peaches, and finally to accompany the gentlemen in their short rambles in the neighborhood.

"I need not tell you how all this restricted intercourse ended. We were soon deeply in love with each other, and love ever finds out the way to make himself understood. We had many a five minutes' meeting no one knew of, and when these were impossible, a rose-bush near his window hid for me the tenderest little love-letters. In fact, Julia, I found him irresistible; he was so handsome and gentle, and though he must have been thirty-five years old, yet, to my thinking, he looked handsomer than any younger man could have done.

"As the weeks passed on, the doctor seemed to have more confidence in us, or else his patient was more completely under control. They had much fewer quarrels, and Alfred and I walked in the garden, and even a little way up the hill, without opposition or remark. I do not know how I received the idea, but I certainly did believe that Dr. Orman was keeping Alfred sick for some purpose of his own, and I determined to take the first opportunity of arousing Alfred's suspicions. So one evening, when we were walking alone, I asked him if he did not wish to see his relatives.

"He trembled violently, and seemed in the greatest distress, and only by the tenderest words could I soothe him, as, half sobbing, he declared that they were his bitterest enemies, and that Dr. Orman was the only friend he had in the world. Any further efforts I made to get at the secret of his life were equally fruitless, and only threw him into paroxysms of distress. During the month of August he was very ill, or at least Dr. Orman said so. I scarcely saw him, there were no letters in the rose-bush, and frequently the disputes between the two men rose to a pitch which father seriously disliked.

"One hot day in September every one was in the fields or orchard; only the doctor and Alfred and I were in the house. Early in the afternoon a boy came from the village with a letter to Dr. Orman, and he seemed very much perplexed, and at a loss how to act. At length he said, 'Miss Phœbe, I must go to the village for a couple of hours; I think Mr. Alfred will sleep until my return, but if not, will you try and amuse him?'

"I promised gladly, and Dr. Orman went back to the village with the messenger. No sooner was he out of sight than Alfred appeared, and we rambled about the garden, as happy as two lovers could be. But the day was extremely hot, and as the afternoon advanced, the heat increased. I proposed then that we should walk up the hill, where there was generally a breeze, and Alfred was delighted at the larger freedom it promised us.

"But in another hour the sky grew dark and lurid, and I noticed that Alfred grew strangely restless. His cheeks flushed, his eyes had a wild look of terror in them, he trembled and started, and in spite of all my efforts to soothe him, grew irritable and gloomy. Yet he had just asked me to marry him, and I had promised I would. He had called me 'his wife,' and I had told him again my suspicions about Dr. Orman, and vowed to nurse him myself back to perfect health. We had talked, too, of going to Europe, and in the eagerness and delight of our new plans, had wandered quite up to the little pine forest at the top of the hill.

"Then I noticed Alfred's excited condition, and saw also that we were going to have a thunder-storm. There was an empty log-hut not far away, and I urged Alfred to try and reach it before the storm broke. But he became suddenly like a child in his terror, and it was only with the greatest difficulty I got him within its shelter.

"As peal after peal of thunder crashed above us, Alfred seemed to lose all control of himself, and, seriously offended, I left him, nearly sobbing, in a corner, and went and stood by myself in the open door. In the very height of the storm I saw my father, Dr. Orman, and three of our workmen coming through the wood. They evidently suspected our sheltering-place, for they came directly toward it.

"'Alfred!' shouted Dr. Orman, in the tone of an angry master, 'where are are you, sir? Come here instantly.'

"My pettedness instantly vanished, and I said: 'Doctor, you have no right to speak to Alfred in that way. He is going to be my husband, and I shall not permit it any more.'

"'Miss Wakefield,' he answered, 'this is sheer folly. Look there!'

"I turned, and saw Alfred crouching in a corner, completely paralyzed with terror; and yet, when Dr. Orman spoke to him, he rose mechanically, as a dog might follow his master's call.

"'I am sorry, Miss Wakefield, to destroy your fine romance. Mr. Alfred Compton is, as you perceive, not fit to marry any lady. In fact, I am his—*keeper*.'"

"Oh, Aunt Phœbe! Surely he was not a lunatic!"

"So they said, Julia. His frantic terror was the only sign I saw of it; but Dr. Orman told my father that he was at times really dangerous, and that he was annually paid a large sum to take charge of him, as he became uncontrollable in an asylum."

"Did you see him again?"

"No. I found a little note in the rose-bush, saying that he was not mad; that he remembered my promise to be his wife, and would surely come some day and claim me. But they left in three days, and Melissa, whose wedding outfit was curtailed in consequence, twitted me very unkindly about my fine crazy lover. It was a little hard on me, for he was the only lover I ever had. Melissa and Jane both married, and went west with their husbands; I lived on at Ryelands, a faded little old maid, until my uncle Joshua sent for me to come to New York and keep his fine house for him. You know that he left me all he had when he died, nearly two years ago. Then I sent for you. I remembered my own lonely youth, and thought I would give you a fairer chance, dear."

"Did you ever hear of him again, aunt?"

"Of him, never. His elder brother died more than a year ago. I suppose Alfred died many years since: he was very frail and delicate. I thought it was refinement and beauty then; I know now it was ill health."

"Poor aunt!"

"Nay, child, I was very happy while my dream lasted; and I never will believe but that Alfred in his love for me was quite sane, and perhaps more sincere than many wiser men."

After this confidence Miss Phœbe seemed to take a great pleasure in speaking of the little romance of her youth. Often the old and the young maidens sat in the twilight discussing the probabilities of poor Alfred Compton's life and death, and every discussion left them more and more positive that he had been the victim of some cruel plot. The subject never tired Miss Phœbe, and Julia, in the absence of a lover of her own, found in it a charm quite in keeping with her own youthful dreams.

One cold night in the middle of January they had talked over the old subject until both felt it to be exhausted—at least for that night. Julia drew aside the heavy satin curtains, and looking out, said, "It is snowing heavily, aunt; to-morrow we can have a sleigh-ride. Why, there is a sleigh at our door! Who can it be? A gentleman, aunt, and he is coming here."

"Close the curtains, child. It is my lawyer, Mr. Howard. He promised to call to-night."

"Oh dear! I was hoping it was some nice strange person."

Miss Phœbe did not answer; her thoughts were far away. In fact, she had talked about her old lover until there had sprung up anew in her heart a very strong sentimental affection for his memory; and when the servant announced a visitor on business, she rose with a sigh from her reflections, and went into the reception-room.

In a few minutes Julia heard her voice, in rapid, excited tones, and ere she could decide whether to go to her or not, Aunt Phœbe entered the room, holding by the hand a gentleman whom she announced as Mr. Alfred Compton. Julia was disappointed, to say the least, but she met him with enthusiasm. Perhaps Aunt Phœbe had quite unconsciously magnified the beauty of the youthful Alfred: certainly this one was not handsome. He was sixty at least, his fair curling locks had vanished, and his fine figure was slightly bent. But the clear sensitive face remained, and he was still dressed with scrupulous care.

The two women made much of him. In half an hour Delmonico had furnished a delicious little banquet, and Alfred drank his first glass of wine with an old-fashioned grace "to his promised wife, Miss Phœbe Wakefield, best and loveliest of women."

Miss Phœbe laughed, but she dearly liked it; and hand in hand the two old lovers sat, while Alfred told his sad little story of life-long wrong and suffering; of an intensely nervous, self-conscious nature driven to extremity by cruel usage and many wrongs. At the mention of Dr. Orman Miss Phœbe expressed herself a little bitterly.

"Nay, Phœbe," said Alfred; "whatever he was when my brother put me in his care, he became my true friend. To his skill and patience I owe my restoration to perfect health; and to his firm advocacy of my right and ability to manage my own estate I owe the position I now hold, and my ability to come and ask Phœbe to redeem her never-forgotten promise."

Perhaps Julia got a little tired of these old-fashioned lovers, but they never tired of each other. Miss Phœbe was not the least abashed by any contrast between her ideal and her real Alfred, and Alfred was never weary of assuring her that he found her infinitely more delightful and womanly than in the days of their first courtship.

She can not even call them a "silly" or "foolish" couple, or use any other relieving phrase of that order, for Miss Phœbe—or rather Mrs. Compton—resents any word as applied to Mr. Alfred Compton that would imply less than supernatural wisdom and intelligence. "No one but those who have known him as long as I have," she continually avers, "can possibly estimate the superior information and infallible judgment of my husband."

THE STEAM-YACHT "POLYNIA."

The sport of yachting is rapidly extending in popularity, not only along the Atlantic coast, but also on the shores of the great lakes and on the Pacific. The benefits conferred upon health, the acceptable relaxation from business cares afforded, and the broad field for study and investigation offered, are adding votaries to yachting by the hundreds every year. This season has witnessed a radical innovation upon former ones in the addition of a large steam fleet to our pleasure navy. The new vessels are characterized by their large tonnage and sea-going models; they are in reality ships in which distant voyages can be undertaken with all the comforts and luxury afforded by the finest ocean steamers. Three new craft, ranging nearly up to seven hundred tons, have been built this spring on the Delaware for New York owners, and the fourth has just been launched from the yard of her builders, Messrs. Ward, Stanton, & Co., of Newburgh, New York. She was constructed for Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and will soon be put in commission. Our sketch, taken from a drawing by Mr. C. P. Kunhardt, of the *Forest and Stream*, shows the new yacht under a full head of steam, with all her canvas set. She is rather English in appearance, having less "sheer" than customary, and also an English "cutter stern," as well as a regular head to her cut-water. The rig is only moderate, and has been planned in accord with the prevailing ideas across the ocean. The yacht is very handsome, and may be looked upon as the predecessor to quite a class of her kind, as a number of gentlemen of this city have already expressed their intention of building similar steamers during the coming winter. The new yacht was christened the *Polynia*, and is expected to be very fast, as she is of exceedingly fine model, and supplied with a very liberal amount of power. The following dimensions will give a clearer idea of her elements: Length over all, 157 feet; on deck, 152 feet; on water-line, 146 feet; beam, 18 feet; depth of hold, 10 feet. The engines are of the compound type—one high-pressure cylinder, and two low-pressure cylinders. They are 24 and 32 inches diameter respectively, and 24 inches stroke, and will turn a propeller of 9 feet diameter and 14 feet pitch. Steam is supplied from two steel boilers, to carry a working pressure of 120 pounds. The yacht is built of iron, according to Lloyd's rules, and is exceedingly strong. She has four bulk-heads—one collision bulk-head near the bow, one near the stern, and one at each end of the boilers. The deck is flush, with the exception of an 18-inch break amidships, which will be surrounded by a neat netting and stanchions. The accommodations are aft, and include a roomy saloon, the owner's state-room and bath-room, store-rooms, pantry, etc., and three state-rooms for guests. These will be furnished in Eastlake style, and decorated in a chaste but tasty manner. The quarters for the crew and the kitchen are under deck forward, and the pilot-house and smoking or chart room are around the foremast on the spar-deck. Four boats will be swung from davits—a 25-foot gig, a cutter, a launch, and a dingey. It is a noticeable fact that most of the new steam-yachts are being built of iron, and it is even contemplated to try steel next year. It is found that a lighter, stronger, and neater job can be made of iron than of wood—points which are of great value in the construction of vessels intended for high speed. The *Polynia* will fly the burgee of the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs, and will be ready for use by the 1st of next month.

EMIGRATION OF CHILDREN TO THE WEST.

No one will properly understand New York who does not remember that it is the first halting-place in the march of the great multitude who leave the Old World to seek homes in the New. Here in this city many rest who can not get farther, and many others who do not desire to go farther. The foreign immigrant in America is released from the restraints which insured his good conduct at home. He is among strangers; the opinion of his neighbors, of the village in which he lived for years, of the church in which he was baptized, ceases to help in maintaining virtue. The intensity of American life acts unfavorably upon him. If disposed to drink, he drinks more than in Europe, and forced into the close quarters of a city tenement, his end is sometimes worse than his beginning. As a consequence, New York has usually on its hands from 20,000 to 30,000 boys and girls, American born, but abandoned, or the children of intemperate parents, or orphans, or worse than orphaned by the cruelty of step-fathers or step-mothers. They are as vagrant as Bedouins, sleeping in hay barges, boxes, under door-steps, and in winter in any place where warmth can be had. They recruit the army of boot-blacks, sellers of newspapers and small wares, whose shrill voices and eagerness for business are familiar to every citizen.

Never has the old proverb that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" had a better illustration than in the treatment of these waifs of a large city. Left to themselves, they may become either paupers or criminals; rescued, they do, in fact, become useful members of society. A single illustration will show either process. Some years ago three brothers applied at a boys' lodging-house for shelter during the night. The eldest was about seventeen years old. They were suspected of being engaged in thieving, and the two younger confessed the fact. The big brother drifted away; the others, after a time, were sent to homes in the West. When the late war broke out, the two enlisted in the army, served with credit, and bought farms with their bounty money. They are now prosperous farmers. The eldest became a criminal, stole at least two thousand dollars' worth of property, was finally arrested, and sentenced to five years in Sing Sing. To save the two who were sent West cost thirty dollars only. To keep the other in prison five years will cost over seven hundred dollars; this sum, added to the amount he was known to have stolen, will make a total of over twenty-seven hundred dollars. It may be presumed that, once out of prison, he will be engaged in plundering the community again. The policy which creates such results would be called by the political economist a waste, by the moral philosopher a crime.

Let us look at the classes of society from which vagrants are furnished. What is the genesis of city pauperism and crime? To the average New-Yorker a criminal is a phenomenon to be accounted for by the law of universal depravity. Criminals, he reasons, there always have been, and always must be. But what if we can show the pauper and criminal in the process of formation, and show, too, how the formation can be arrested? We will take first the east side of the city. Here, near Fortieth Street, there is, or was recently, a settlement of squatters known as "Dutch Hill." The villagers are poor Irish, who live by picking coals, gathering swill, or doing odd jobs. Their shanties are nests of filth, crammed with rags, bones, cinders, "bits of furniture, old tin, useless lamps, decaying vegetables, ribbons, cloths, legless chairs, and carrion." Pigs, fowls, and goats swarm about, and have the freedom of the house. The men drink; the women drink; the children, reared in squalor, are in a condition to absorb all the iniquity of a great city. The girls are vicious from childhood, and neither they nor the boys see very clearly the lines which separate work from begging and stealing. "Into this community," says Mr. Brace, from whose publications and correspondence kindly placed in our hands we get the facts of this article, "of poor, ignorant, and drunken people I threw myself, and resolved, with God's aid, to try to do something for them. Here for years I visited from cabin to cabin, or hunted out every cellar and attic in the neighboring tenement-houses, standing at death-beds and sick-beds, seeking to administer consolation and advice, and, aided by others, to render every species of assistance. In returning home from these rounds I remember that I was frequently so depressed and exhausted as to throw myself flat upon the rug before the fire, scarcely able to move." Here, then, was a seed-bed of crime, for infallibly a large proportion of the children growing up amid such influences must prove to be vicious. An industrial school for girls was established; the children soon rose above the condition of their parents; became ambitious to do better in life; sought and found virtuous associations. Out of two thousand girls who have passed through this school in eighteen years only five are known to have become "drunkards, prostitutes, or criminals." Some few have risen to fortune, and are in possession of all the advantages which wealth and refinement can procure.

This is the material out of which pauper and criminal girls can be made. Let us now turn to the boys. The scene will also be on the East River, a little lower down than "Dutch Hill." The boys found here were vagabonds with exuberant animal spirits. They liked nothing better than to smash windows and upset apple stands. They could dodge a policeman with a fox's cunning; and when caught, could hardly be held in confinement by any device. "I have sometimes," says Mr. Brace, "stopped admiringly to watch the skill with which the little rascals—some not more than ten years old—would diminish a load of wood left on the docks: the sticks were passed from one to another, and the lad nearest the pile was apparently engaged eagerly in playing marbles. If the woodman's attention was called to his loss, they were off like a swarm of cockroaches." To reform these vagrants a carpenter shop and school were opened; school lessons, lectures, and magic-lantern exhibitions were given; all were fed, and some clothed. For this kindness the boys smashed the windows of the school-house, robbed it of all the furniture they could lay their hands on, and were only subdued by the arrest of some of their number. In time the school wrought its civilizing effect; habits of order were formed; aspirations for a better life were aroused; some were led to honest occupations, and some were sent West.

These lads have the preternatural sharpness of their class all the world over. Their perceptive powers have been awakened by the hard necessities of their existence. To the same degree many of their moral faculties are dead. They are terrible realists, and haters of shams; yet they can be reached by appeals to their better impulses. Life in the street has given a peculiar complexion to their thoughts. A gentleman who was lecturing to a boys' meeting found his questions answered in this style:

"My dear boys, when your father and your mother forsake you, *who* will take you up?"

"The purlice, sir" (very seriously)—"the purlice."

"My boys, what is the great end of man? When is he happiest? How would you feel happiest?"

"When we'd plenty of hard cash, sir."

We take the following speech made by a little fellow, mounted on a chair, and about to go West, to the companions he was leaving behind:

"Boys, gintlemen, chummies: P'r'aps you'd like to hear summut about the West—the great West, you know, where so many of our old friends are settled down, and growin' up to be great men. Boys, that's the place for growin' Congressmen and Governors and Presidents. Do you want to be newsboys always, and shoe-blacks, and timber-ware merchants in a small way by sellin' matches? If ye do, ye'll stay in New York, but if you don't, ye'll go out West, and begin to be farmers; for the beginning of a farmer, my boys, is the making of a Congressman and a President. Do you want to be rowdies, and loafers, and shoulder-hitters? If ye do, why, ye can keep around these diggin's. If you want to be snoozers, and rummies, and policy-players, and Peter Funk's men, why, you'll hang up your caps, and stay round the groceries, and jine fire-engine and target companies, and go firin' at hay-stacks for bad quarters; but if you want to be the man who will make his mark in the country, ye will get up steam and go ahead, and there's lots on the prairies a-waitin' for you."

And so Mr. Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man—go West," has an application even to children. In twenty-six years the Children's Aid Society has sent to homes in the West 50,000 boys and girls, and only four per cent. of the whole number have turned out badly. This percentage is not much greater than the average of failures among children who have had good homes. The boys and girls are sent from New York under the care of an agent. Public notice is given of their intended arrival in a town selected in some State. A committee of citizens is appointed to superintend the distribution of the city's waifs. Arrived, they meet the committee in a church or other public room, and are assigned to guardians. The publicity of the transaction increases the sense of responsibility in the minds of those who undertake the care of the little ones.

Under this system a thousand evils are possible, yet they have not appeared. Children may fall into bad hands, may be neglected or maltreated, but in point of fact it is not so. A supervision is maintained by the agents of the Aid Society, and the careers of the boys and girls are watched until they are established in life. It is impossible to prove a general proposition by single instances, and it is equally impossible to make a full impression of the facts by a dry statistical statement. Both may be combined. We have said that only four per cent. of these city children become paupers or criminals; that is the negative side. It may be well to look at the positive side, and to see what some of them really do become.

A long time ago a party of destitute boys were taken from this city to Shelby County, Indiana. Among them was one "so long and thin that no one wanted him." Left alone in the court-room with a Mr. Blair, he told his story, was pitied, and taken to Mr. Blair's home. With true kindness of heart, Mr. Blair educated him first in a common school, then in the High School of Indianapolis, and then sent him to Harvard. While at Harvard he was claimed by relatives of distinction in this city. There was a story in his case of the divorce of father and mother, and all the train of evils that follow divorce, and finally of his becoming a city vagrant. Suffice it to say, he is now a successful young lawyer. This may be said to be a record of exceptional good fortune. We have before us recent letters from men who were taken as boys to the West years ago. A German, who was seven years old in 1868, and was that year placed with a family in Iowa, writes: "We have bought a farm here, but have not built, but expect to about September next. I have all my corn planted—planted forty acres myself." This boy was a half-orphan. A boy who left Randall's Island in 1864 writes: "Your kind and welcome letter found me well, and hard at work ploughing corn. Our great wheat harvest will begin in three weeks, and that will take some time, as the stand is remarkably large, and we expect a heavy crop. Times are tolerably good, and will be better as soon as we get our wheat into market." That is not the style of a city bummer. Another boy, who went from Randall's Island in 1866, tells his story thus: "I work by the year, and get $100 for a year, and my washing and mending besides. I have made $50 in two years clear of all expense." A boy who has lately gone from the Newboys' Lodging-House to Kansas sends back word: "I like farming very well, as it is nice work compared with blacking boots in New York. Out here a boy can make an honest living, and be away from bad company." A boy from Randall's Island was reared by a Mr. Alexander in Indiana. Living now in Kansas, he speaks in this sensible way of his guardian: "Mr. Alexander, who raised me, was a man of sound mind, ready to help the needy when called upon. He used to tell me when I grew up to be a man that I would do well. And all of us orphan boys think that their masters do not give them any thing; and I used to think that way, but after I grew to be a man I found out better. I got plenty; I got all I deserved. He gave me education, clothed me, and gave me something to eat, and that is a good deal. Mr. A. is talking of coming to Kansas to see me; if he comes he will find me doing well."

But enough of this; and yet it is useful to see in these letters the pulsating life of boys, and men once boys wholly uncared for, or at best little cared for in our great city. Two instances of more than usual good fortune, noticed by Mr. James P. Brace in his travels, will close the series. We will let Mr. Brace tell the story himself: "In my last trip through the West a circumstance came to my notice which was very interesting. I had observed that one of the leading daily newspapers of the West was very much interested in our work of finding homes for boys. I called at the office, and found that one of the editors was taken out by me a number of years ago. He had worked at any thing he could find to do, began soon to teach school, became acquainted all over the section I placed him in, married in a noted family, went to Washington, as correspondent for papers, and at this time holds a responsible position on one of the leading dailies of this country. It was an agreeable surprise to me, and I saw at once *why* this paper had upheld our work.

"I also have another case in hand. At about the same time as the above I carried a smart, active boy to one of the Western States. He was selected by a banker to take care of his horse and do chores. The banker soon perceived that he was intelligent enough to assist in errands for his office. The boy, proving capable of farther advancement, was placed in responsible positions in the bank. The finale was that he was admitted as a partner, and has married the banker's daughter. He stands high in the community as a man of character, and few would recognize in him the boy that I took West."

Not every homeless lad taken from the city is likely to find Aladdin's lamp; even for home-bred children the chances of extraordinary good fortune are few. But what an advance is the lot of the humblest farm laborer, working hard with his hands, yet working with a sense of personal independence, upon the condition of the city castaways, whose invariable answer to the question "Where do you live?" is, "I don't live nowheres." For the small sum of $8 04 a destitute boy, who has no prospects in the city, can be taken to a country home, where he will feel all the inspiration of a new life. Mr. Charles L. Brace, the founder of this charity, is solving successfully one of the most serious of the problems that confront us in our city. He studies the problem with the coolness of a philosopher, and works at its solution with the ardor of a missionary. Let it not be feared that the country will soon be too full to absorb the city's supply. In 1879 the State of New York alone took nearly one-third of the children who were sent off to find new homes.

George R. Crooks.

HOW THEY LIVE IN MOROCCO.

The houses of the rich in Morocco, with their bald cross-shaped loop-holes and gateways, show few signs of their owners' wealth. No gardens, no windows, no balconies, no porches. Their "front" is within; there groves of oranges and lemons, tiled pathways, and fountains form courts, in which is frequently to be found a tame gazelle. Kitchens, reception-rooms, accommodation for wives and children, sleeping apartments, and occasionally a stable, divide the ground-floor. From somewhere near the gateway entering the court a narrow staircase leads to the first floor, where are the rooms in which the owner lives and receives his friends. The sleeping-rooms, generally long, narrow, and lofty, contain low beds, hung commonly with striped red and yellow drapery, with coverlets of the same, bordered by thick carpets, pegs for wardrobe, and mirrors for toilet. The dining-rooms are furnished with carpets and hangings, chandeliers standing on the floor, cushion, pillow, and mattress of silk, velvet, and woollen, striped and starred with silver and gold, in all the colors of the rainbow, spread against the walls. Tables, chairs, and other necessaries of European furniture, in the city of Morocco there are none. Fountains flow here and there in the streets, which fairly lay claim to quaintness, occasionally to beauty. From these all the inhabitants fetch their drinking water, a well within the court generally supplying water for ordinary household use.

It is not uncommon to find a rough representation of a hand painted on the doors, or carved in the stucco over them, as a safeguard against witchcraft. All Moors believe in witchcraft; and, by-the-way, the wealthiest and the poorest wear charms as protection against disease and injury.

Breakfast, tea, and dinner, all of which are frequently taken on beautiful mats and carpets spread in the garden, form the meals of the "upper ten."

Breakfast consists of *cus-cus-su*—a cake of baked granules deftly made of flour, which eats crisp and sweet—milk, butter, omelets, pigeons cooked in oil, sweet-potatoes, force-meats, and sweet tarts of honey, butter, and eggs. Tea, which is quite a "course" meal, is taken seated cross-legged on soft carpets spread on the floor, around a handsome and costly tray with dwarf feet raising it a few inches from the floor, furnished with drinking glasses in place of china cups; this formidable meal—which is served by an upper man-servant—excites the European visitors' wonder and dismay. First, the tea-pot—or kettle, if named after its shape—is filled with green tea, sugar, and water, in such proportions as to make a thick sweet syrup, which is drunk without milk or cream. Then follows an infusion of tea and spearmint; yet another of tea and wormwood; yet another of tea and lemon verbena; and yet another of tea with citron. On great occasions a sixth is added of tea and ambergris. Nothing is eaten. The "weed" usually follows; but the Moor, though a smoker, is not "an inveterate." Dinner consists of various dishes of mutton, fish, and fowl, ingeniously and artistically served in mixtures of pomades, soaps, spices, and cosmetics; so, at least, those declare who have had in courtesy to swallow the preparations. Knives, forks, and spoons are dispensed with, perhaps despised. Around a central dish gathers the company, as usual cross-legged on the floor. At "In the name of God," which is the brief grace pronounced by the master of the house, the slave removes the cover from the bowl; lifted hands are thrust into the smoking dish, and morsels of its contents, deftly rolled into convenient forms, are tossed, dripping, into the mouth with a neatness and precision truly wonderful. Exact portions are picked from fowl and fish and mutton bone without delay or effort. Sharp nails are said to act as knives. After the course, water and napkins are brought round. The wash over, another dish, and another plunging of the paws into the savory mess. Incense is often burned during dinner, which fills the apartment with delicate aroma. When a meal is served in the open court, the ladies of the house are permitted to gaze on their lords from the balcony which usually surrounds it.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

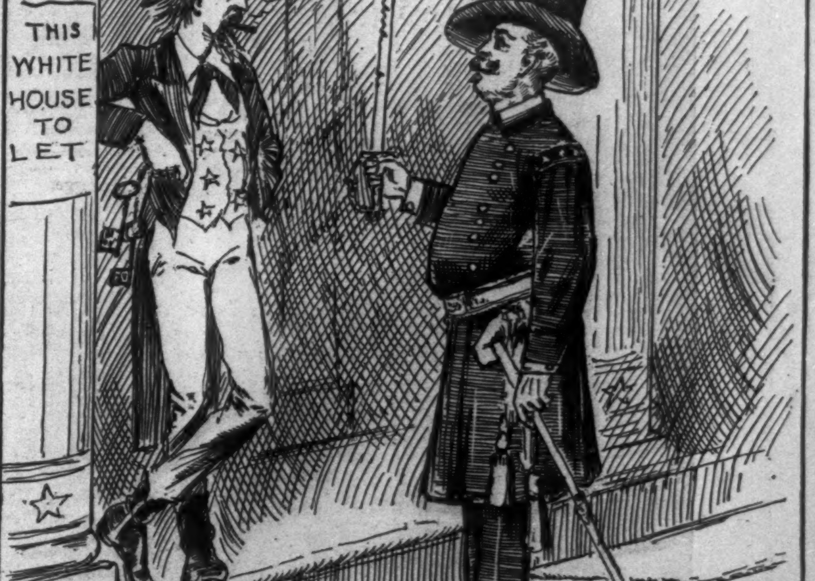
"You haven't asked me all the questions, miss; now don't say you have, for you know you haven't." "No," replied the census-taker, demurely, "I haven't asked you, sir, whether you could read or write, because that would be an insult; I haven't asked you whether you were a negro, because I can see that you are not; I haven't asked you whether you are lame, or blind, or deaf, for the same reason; and I haven't asked you whether you are an idiot, because that is unnecessary."

A St. Louis lady who had graduated at three seminaries tried to send a bandbox by telegraph the other day.

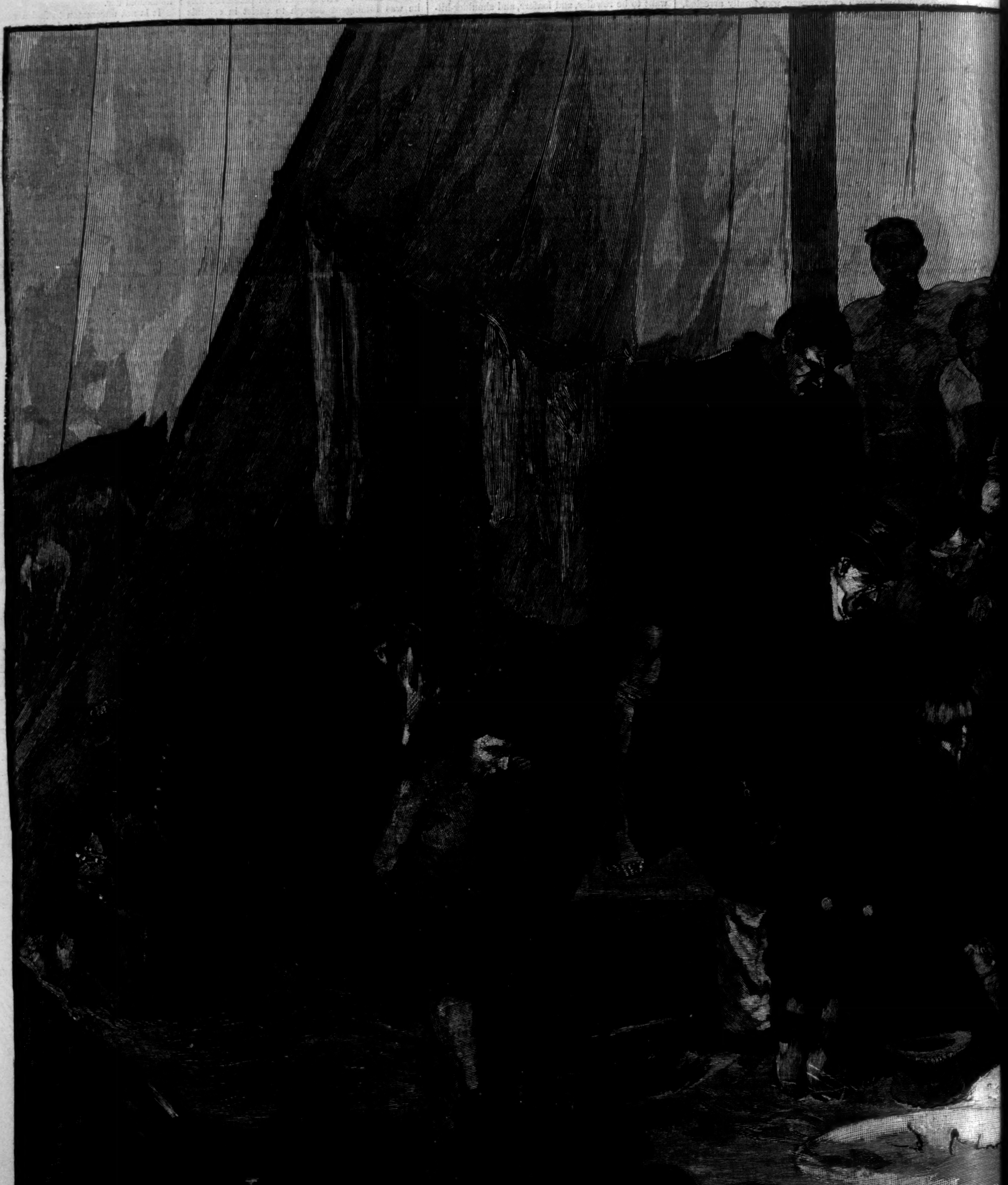
A bride lately returned from a trip to Niagara Falls declared herself greatly disappointed. They all expressed the utmost astonishment. "Yes," she added, "it was the greatest disappointment of my life. I saw as many as two hundred and fifty hack-drivers, and not one of them wore diamond shirt studs."

"It's not the phisky a man dhrinks that makes him dizzy," said O'Flaherty, "but it's lukin' at the bartinder's diamond through the bottom iv the tumblers, be gorra!"

A man out West obtained a divorce from his wife, and married again within three days after the decree was granted. An Irishman, commenting on the man's action, remarked, "Bedad, he couldn't have had much respict for his first wife, to be marrying again so soon afther lavin' her."


THIS WHITE HOUSE TO LET
Tho. Worth

Uncle Sam. "But you don't seem to have any other recommendations, and we would rather let it to a Statesman."



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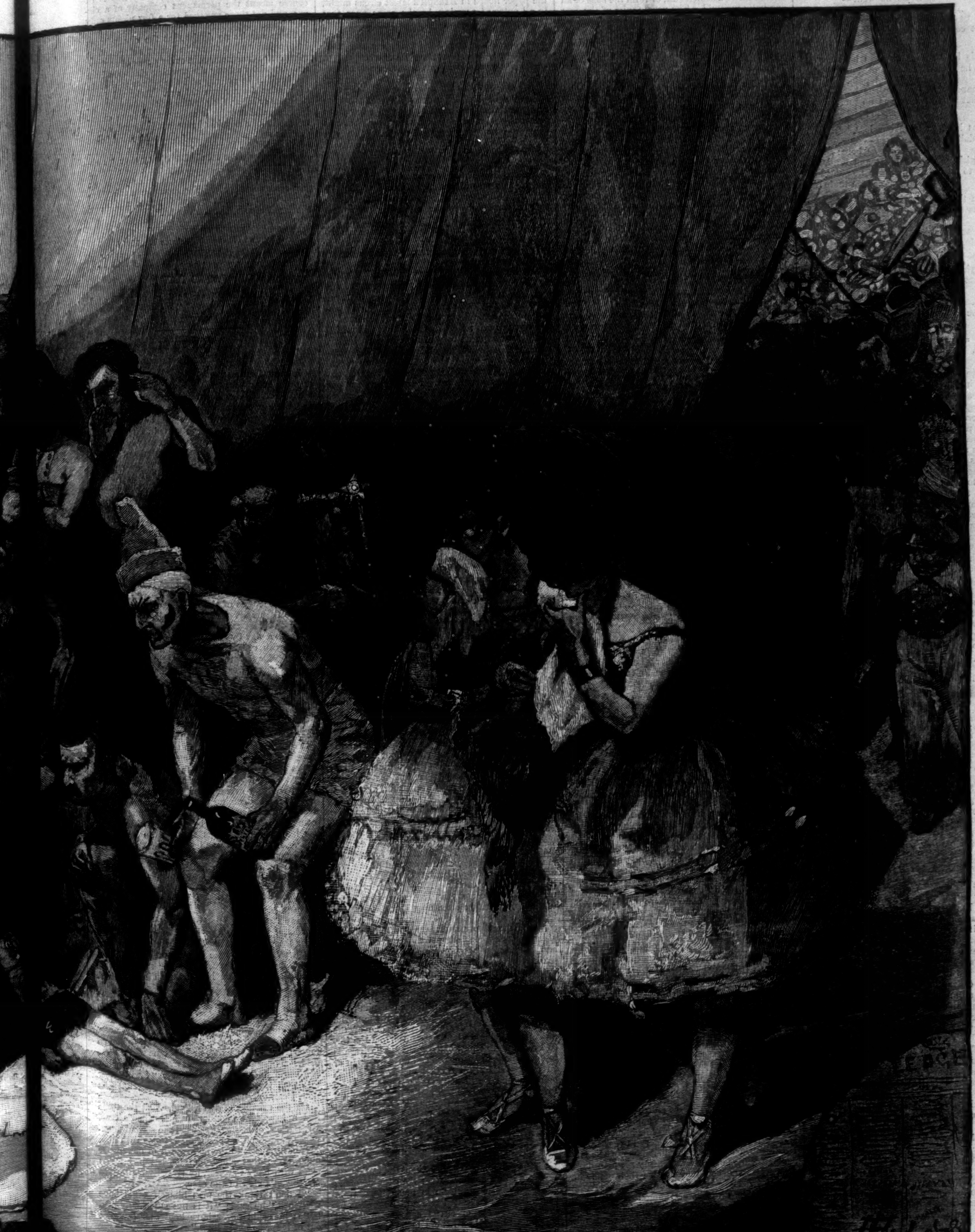

ANCE N BY HOWARD PYLE.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

LOVED TOO LATE.

By MARY A. BARR.

YEAR after year, with a glad content,
In and out of our home he went—
In and out.
Ever for us the skies were clear:
His heart carried the care and fear,
The care and doubt.

Our hands held with a careless hold
All that he won of honor and gold
In toil and pain.
O dear hands that our burdens bore—
Hands that shall toil for us no more,
Never again!

Oh, it was hard to learn our loss,
Bearing daily the heavy cross—
The cross *he* bore:
To say, with an aching heart and head,
"Would to God that the Love now dead
Were here once more!"

For when the Love we held too light
Was gone away from our speech and sight,
No bitter tears,
No passionate words of fond regret,
No yearning grief, could pay the debt
Of thankless years.

Oh, *now* while the sweet Love lingers near,
Grudge not the tender words of cheer:
Leave none unsaid.
For the heart can have no sadder fate
Than some day to awake—too late—
And find Love dead!

THE CIRCUS.

THERE is something terribly incongruous about an accident in the "ring." The scene is one of amusement and festivity, and when a disaster occurs, the spectators are struck with a horror and bewilderment far greater than would be caused by a parallel event in the ordinary ways of life. Especially is the multitude stirred when the victim is a child, like the poor little acrobat in Mr. PYLE's admirable engraving on our double page. It seems then nothing less than shocking cruelty to train children for these exercises, and to force them to endanger life and limb for the entertainment of a curious and indifferent crowd. There are certain feats invented by overzealous managers that should be put a stop to, by law if necessary; but so much of it is only an attractive display of legitimately developed human strength and able horsemanship that we should hate to do without it.

Which of us, weary and depressed with the cares of adult life, does not recall with regret the thrill that once followed the announcement of a coming circus; and who of the readers of *Harper's Magazine* does not remember with delight the description of such an event contributed a few years ago by the Easy Chair? The article is too long to quote, but the following extract will raise a responsive thrill in the heart of every reader who has not left his youth very far behind him:

> "Well, here it is again, as the clown says; the old familiar smell. One whiff, and we are all children once more. It is a mingling of tan-yard and stable and menagerie; but it is unmistakable. And all around the ring is a rising bank of eager spectators. It is midsummer, and it is not a sombre audience. The women and children are in light dresses; the men in drilling coats, and often in shirt sleeves. Everybody has a small palm-leaf fan, and there is a half-dizzy flutter in the aspect of the audience. But such eager attention! We walk slowly along, and there are no seats. People upon the lower benches only wish that we would get out of the way, and not hide the view. Down go the younger members upon the grass at the edge of the ring, and the elders squeeze in somewhere modestly, and immediately wish that the next comers would get out of the way, and not hide the view. And there is the same old ring, and the same old clown, and the same old double-checked, slowly cantering horse; and there is the same old Mr. Merryman. 'My sweetheart says—I *have* a sweetheart' (and we are all delighted at the droll fellow's humor)—'my sweetheart says, "You'd better not keep your cap on 'fore folks;" and she snakes it off—so.' 'Tis irresistible."

The circus has a character of its own; it is infinitely various, and like nothing else. Unlike the theatre, it brings with it no suggestions of immorality, and can not be accused of presenting false views of life. If, perhaps, the lady rider's skirts are a trifle too short, and the clown's jokes a trifle too broad, the fresh air gushing in through the canvas tent, and the superb health of the men and animals, seem to make them innocuous. Only the overfastidious can object to its athletic delights, and we heartily sympathize with Mr. BARNUM in his encounters with two clergymen who ventured to attack his circus from the pulpit. On one occasion our great American showman attended church at Lenox, Massachusetts, and was amazed to hear the preacher denounce his show, and everything connected with it, as immoral and abominable. When he had read the closing hymn, Mr. BARNUM walked up to the pulpit stairs, and asked permission to reply. Naturally this was refused; but the proprietor of the woolly horse caught the unfortunate clergyman in private, and lectured him on the unfair advantage he had taken. The second affair of the kind happened at Port Deposit, on the Susquehanna, and here Mr. BARNUM addressed the congregation for half an hour, defending himself and his company from the charges made against them. How his audiences were affected when the circus opened we do not learn, but it is to be feared that the flock could not and did not stand by their pastor when "the band began to play."

That circus people are especially given to vice or dissipation is palpably a mistake, for no profession in the world requires greater care and watchfulness lest the nerves become unstrung, or the energy and suppleness of the body in any way impaired. They are, indeed, as a rule, long-lived, and seem never to become superannuated. Constant practice enables even gymnasts and acrobats to continue their performances far down into the decline of life. There are middle-aged and even gray-headed men who have been "pitching" or "tenting" all their lives, and still find themselves able to throw a somersault, or form the base of an acrobatic pyramid. The usual faults of the poor circus-rider are that he is a person given to flashy eccentricities of costume, imprudent with his earnings, and careless with his grammar. There is generally very little education among them, and they are not addicted to literature of any kind. This seems to arise not so much from the want of a natural aptitude for learning as from their wandering lives, and the early age at which they begin to practice the feats by which they are to live. The training of a circus-rider, a gymnast, or an acrobat begins as soon as he or she can walk. From that time they practice every day, and are often introduced in the ring at an age when other children have scarcely left the nursery. As a class they are a light-hearted set, bearing the vicissitudes of life to which they are so liable with tolerable equanimity, and showing a laudable desire to alleviate each other's ills. "Both men and women generally marry young," says FROST, "but the latter go on riding or rope-dancing until they are superseded by younger ones; and their husbands ride, vault, tumble, or juggle until their

"'little life
Is rounded by a sleep.'"

Circus performances are frequently not nearly so difficult as they appear. As a rule, the followers of the ring die in their beds, and very few would merit the following epitaph, bestowed upon the poor victim who endeavored to descend from the summit of a church steeple by a slack rope:

"Let this small monument record the name
Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim
Here, by an attempt to fly from this high spire
Across the Sabrine's stream, he did acquire
His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill
Or courage to perform the task he fell;
No, no; a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
Hurried his soul on high to take her flight,
Which bid the body here beneath good-night."

The risks attending gymnastic feats are really not greater than those braved every day by sailors, miners, and many other classes, as well as in shooting, hunting, and other sports. While there are few gymnasts who have not met with casualties in the course of their career, the proportion of fatal accidents to the number of professional gymnasts performing does not appear greater than among the classes just mentioned. Mr. FROST maintains that it is less. He cites a period of more than fifty years, during which, he says, "only two gymnasts, so far as I have been able to ascertain, have been killed while performing, and the prophecy attributed to that renowned gymnast LEOTARD, that all his emulators would break their necks, has happily not been fulfilled."

BARNUM has long been known as the greatest showman in both hemispheres, but he had a most famous predecessor in the English ASTLEY. It was he of whom HORACE WALPOLE, on a visit to London, wrote: "I could find nothing at all to do, and so went to Astley's, which, indeed, was much beyond my expectation. I do not wonder any longer that DARIUS was chosen king by the instructions he gave his horse, nor that CALIGULA made him his consul. ASTLEY can make his horses dance minuets and hornpipes. But I shall not even have Astley now. Her Majesty the Queen of France, who has as much taste as CALIGULA, has sent for the whole of the *dramatis personæ* to Paris." The fame of ASTLEY is further illustrated by a remark from the "literary whale" of the eighteenth century. JOHNSON says of him: "WHITEFIELD never drew so much attention as a mountebank does; he did not draw attention by doing better than others, but by doing what was strange. Were ASTLEY to preach a sermon standing on his head, or on a horse's back, he would collect a multitude to hear him, but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that."

ASTLEY, who while serving in the English army had learned some feats of horsemanship from an itinerant equestrian named JOHNSON, built a rude circus upon a piece of ground near Westminster Bridge which had been used as a timber-yard. Only the seats were roofed over, the ring in which he performed being open to the air. One of his horses, which he had taught to perform a variety of tricks, he exhibited at an earlier hour of the day in a large room in Piccadilly, where the entertainment was eked out by conjuring, and *ombres Chinoises*—a kind of shadow pantomime. An early advertisement sets forth that the entertainment consisted of horsemanship, "a minuet by two horses," a comical musical interlude called "The Awkward Recruit," and an "amazing exhibition of dancing dogs from France and Italy and other genteel parts of the globe." Later on ASTLEY erected his famous "Amphitheatre." Chinese shadows were still found attractive, it appears, for they constitute the first item for one of the programmes in 1780, the opening year. Then came feats of horsemanship. Tumbling followed next, for the word "acrobatics" had not been extracted from the Greek dictionary in those days. It is also worthy of remark that none of the circus performers of the last century seem to have deemed it expedient to Italianize their name or assume fanciful appellations of any kind. After the tumbling the feat of riding two and three horses at the same time was exhibited, the performer modestly concealing his name, though it was probably PHILIP ASTLEY. Next came "slack-rope vaulting in full swing in different attitudes," tricks on chairs and ladders, a burlesque equestrian act by the clown, and lastly "the amazing performance of men piled upon men, or the Egyptian Pyramids."

In travelling over the records of sawdust performances, we are frequently reminded of the saying of the wise monarch of Israel that there is no new thing under the sun. The bills of Astley's, the advertisements of the Royal Circus and the Olympic Pavilion, the traditions of travelling circuses, all present us with the originals of almost every feat that the acrobats and posturers of the present day have ever attempted. The ladies in gauze and spangles that leap through the paper hoops in BARNUM's latest circus might, to all outward seeming, be the same ones that performed their wonderful feats under the manage of ASTLEY or DUCROW. The poor little acrobat in our engraving, but for his untimely fall, might be the famous LULU, about the question of whose sex there was at one time so much controversy. During the season of 1870 the bright particular star of an English circus was a young lady whom people persisted in recognizing as the agile and graceful child who had appeared a few years previously with her father at the Alhambra and Cremorne as "the Flying Farinis." She was then supposed to be a boy, and much amusement was created, upon her appearance as an avowed woman, by the recollection of her having so often descended from the lofty arrangement of trapezes and ladders on which she performed at the Alhambra, and after bowing to the audience, further charmed them by singing a song, each verse of which ended with the words, "Wait till I'm a man." LULU's triple somersault was an unrivalled performance, and her wonderful vertical spring of twenty-five feet from the ring fence an unfathomable mystery.

But while so much of our wonder and admiration is expended upon the performances of the acrobats, the feats of the lady riders, and the amazing sagacity of the trained animals, in reality the most marvellous thing about the circus is the circus itself; that is, the manner in which this great composite body of men, wagons, beasts, tents, and innumerable and indescribable paraphernalia is transported about the country, and made to appear in working order within the shortest possible space of time. For the benefit of our readers who have not studied the matter out, we will describe the arrangements made by a leading manager for accomplishing this most wonderful undertaking. First, a number of capable and intelligent persons are secured, whose business it is to travel ahead, and prepare the way for the coming circus. These hire ground suitable for the purpose, and engage bill-posters, who placard the town with large and brilliantly colored pictorial representations of the performances. They distribute printed bills containing the names of the performers, and also give a description of the procession, and the route it will take in parading through the town. These are distributed in all the villages within a radius of fifteen miles. Lengthened advertisements are also inserted in all the local newspapers, and it is no uncommon thing, as those of us who have lived in small places know, for a general holiday to be held upon the day of their grand procession through the town.

Previous to the company arriving, the "tent men," with the baggage-wagons, proceed to the field, erect the tent, make the ring, and prepare for the various performances, fixing up hurdles, gates, and all the requisite paraphernalia. By the time the company arrives, everything is prepared. The horses are stabled, groomed, and fed, the "tableau carriages," as they are called, are washed, and everything made ready for the grand parade, which usually starts from the tent about an hour and a half previous to the first performance. The show commences after the parade, the first one occupying about two hours. After this is over, the performers dine, and rest until evening, the second performance commencing about seven, and terminating about ten o'clock. Immediately after the last act the whole of the company are advised at what hour in the morning they will be required to start for the next place. This of course depends, in a great measure, upon the length of the journey and the state of the roads. The usual time for starting is about five o'clock, and they travel at the rate of five or six miles an hour. The tent and baggage men leave earlier. Many of the principal members of the company have their own living carriages, which are fitted up with every convenience, and a very jolly and healthy life the occupants lead. Two performances are invariably given each day, consisting of the usual equestrian and gymnastic feats, horse and pony racing, hurdle leaping, and Roman chariot races.

Circus people have unlimited opportunities of seeing the world. There are very few men or women of eminence in the profession who have not visited nearly every European capital, and many of them have made the tour of the world. Price's Circus was for many years one of the most popular institutions of Madrid, and the Circo Price was to circus *artistes* what Cape Horn is to our American seamen. Tell an equestrian or an acrobat that you think you have seen him before, and he will ask, "Was it at the Circo Price?" just as a Yankee sailor will snuffle, "I guess it was round the Horn." To have appeared even in the great cities of America or Europe is a very small distinction indeed, when so many have extended their travels to Yokohama, Hong-Kong, and Calcutta, and crossed the seas to Sydney and Melbourne.

Circus performers wander about the world generally and to a greater extent than the acrobats and jugglers that perform in music halls, from whom they are separated into a distinct class by the requirements of circus engagements. All aspirants to sawdust honors being engaged for "general utility," it is necessary for them to understand the routine of circus business, whether their specialty is riding, vaulting, clowning, or any other branch. They are required to take part in vaulting acts, and to hold hoops, balloons, banners, and manage other paraphernalia, all of which requires some practice before it can be done properly, and to line the passage to the ring when a lady of the company flutters into it or bows herself out of it. For this last duty the proprietors of the best-appointed circuses provide uniform dresses, which in some cases are worn by all the male members of the company, when not engaged upon their performances, from the opening of the circus until they retire to their dressing-room for the last time. By this is of course meant the permanent company of a circus, and not those engaged for a few nights only as "stars."

There can be no doubt that the circus bases its popularity upon a need in human nature. The mind craves amusement in every phase of society, and especially among the working classes, where the brain is in activity and the nerves in a state of tension from morn till eve. Released from business or labor, the nervous system demands relaxation, and it gains it most readily from entertainments of a novel and grotesque character, presenting scenes fantastically different from those of daily life. DICKENS embodied this thought when he made the inimitable Sleary say: "People mutht be amuthed. They can't be alwayth a-learning, nor they can't be alwayth a-working; they ain't made for it. You *mutht* have uth. Do the withe thing, and the kind thing too, and make the betht of uth, not the wortht."

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A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNCLE STEPHEN'S VIEW.

IT sometimes happens, though very rarely, that some great passenger ship, bound for America or the Indies, will go down in the waste of ocean and leave not a vestige of her existence behind her: and even then, in the minds of those who have had their dear ones intrusted to her treacherous keeping, there is hope. She may have been delayed by contrary winds, or beaten out of her course; then when such time elapses as to forbid that supposition, it is possible—just possible—that she may have been wrecked on some out-of-the-way, if not unknown, coast, and her living tenants saved. But even this well-nigh desperate case affords no parallel, in respect of its lack of hope, to that of the sudden disappearance in the waste of London of an honest man intrusted with a great treasure. Every suggestion of common-sense points to but one explanation of such a mystery. To those who believe in his integrity he is as a dead man; and in their eyes it is better so, since otherwise he must needs be what he appears in the eyes of the world at large—a Thief.

Into the minds of Matthew Helston's wife and sister this last supposition, indeed, could never enter; but day by day the alternative was being urged with greater force upon them; it was a sort of *peine forte et dure* of the mind; the weight upon it was increased hour by hour—"as much as they could bear," as the old brutal statute said, "and more."

Sabey still took her meals—nourishment sufficient to keep life and even strength within her, for strength, she vaguely felt, might, for Matthew's sake, be required of her; but she took them in her own room; society, even that of her own belongings, was become too much for her; to conversation, even upon the subject next her heart, she could no longer give attention. Mr. Barlow saw her every evening for a few minutes; she looked for his coming vaguely: he might be the bearer of some news. And Uncle Stephen would come and sit in silence by her side, with her little hand clasped in his for half an hour at a time. But so cruel was her case that friendship and sympathy had lost their power.

Both men were too honest and too wise any longer to encourage hope within her, and it was for that alone she yearned; and the visits of Mr. Signet were, for this reason, absolutely more welcome to her.

Amy's presence, on the other hand, was very precious: not from the habit of old days and their associations unconsciously working with her, but because Amy alone knew what she felt, and could, in part at least, share her sorrow. She insisted, however, on her sister's dining below-stairs.

"It is hard enough for dear Uncle Stephen as it is," she said: "I am very hard upon him myself—"

"He understands, darling," put in Amy.

"I hope so; I trust so. Matthew owes him so much; tell him if I live, and if" (she would have said, "supposing her husband was not alive," but she could not frame the words): "I will repay him with my utmost love and service; but just now, I can only think of Matthew."

On the evening of Mr. Signet's visit the three had a long talk together over Matthew's case. Mr. Barlow, of course, had seen the second newspaper paragraph, and brought it home with him.

He ascribed it to the mere spirit of newspaper opposition; that since one journal had taken sides with Lady Pargiter, its rival leaned toward Mr. Signet's view of the case.

"I don't think the man himself could have written it," he said; "it is not sufficiently egotistic: he could never have kept Star & Signet out of it for so many lines."

"We understood from Mr. Signet's manner today," said Amy, using the plural by design, "that he had, at all events, instigated the paragraph."

"Instigated?" cried Uncle Stephen—"it's his own! I could swear to it as though I had seen his handwriting. That *mens conscia recti* of his betrays him."

"It is not badly composed, however, for the purpose for which it is intended," remarked Mr. Barlow, who had seen nothing inappropriate in the quotation. "As a defense of Matthew's moral character it is, of course, contemptible, but it is likely enough to make Lady Pargiter show her hand."

Uncle Stephen was about to speak, but altered his mind.

"You mean to say that there will be a lawsuit?" inquired Amy.

"Yes, my dear: Mr. Signet, as I understand, is resolved, supposing the waiting-maid's evidence to be trustworthy, to fight it out."

"I did not like to mention it to him this morning," said Amy, "because it might look as if we thought he was not doing his best; but why does not Mr. Signet offer a reward for the recovery of the jewels? That would surely help us?"

"Very likely," observed Mr. Barlow, cynically; "but the question he puts to himself is, will it help *him?* His present object is to pretend the loss of the jewels is no business of his, and whoever first offers the reward will appear to make it his business."

"Why should not *we* offer a reward for Matthew?" said Uncle Stephen. "That's our business surely."

"I have thought of that, of course," replied Mr. Barlow, with rather a pitying air. "But looking at the matter all round, I think we had better not do that—at least at present. The police, all constituted authorities in fact, are doing their best to elucidate the affair; and an offer of a reward would only call more public attention to it, which is far from desirable."

"Why?" inquired Amy.

"Well, really, my dear, you astonish me by such a question. Is not your poor brother-in-law's name bandied about already sufficiently? And yet, you may be sure, these paragraphs are but the beginning of things. If you heard, as I do, what is said in every omnibus and railway carriage—"

"I should not care what I heard," interrupted Amy, "if only more publicity could assist us in finding Matthew. What is the opinion of the whole world to Sabey—who is the person we have alone to consider in this matter—compared with that?"

"That sort of publicity could not assist us, Amy," said Mr. Barlow; he spoke quietly, without the least trace of irritation, but his face showed a rising color.

"I think—not immediately, perhaps, but very shortly—Sabey ought herself to be consulted in the matter," observed Uncle Stephen. "She is, as Amy says, our first consideration; and no inconvenience or distress of mind to any one—to ourselves, for example—ought to prevent our leaving a stone unturned."

"You will, of course, act, Mr. Durham, as you think proper," replied the lawyer.

Nothing more, for the moment, was said on this point, but when Amy had withdrawn to join her sister, "I hope," said Mr. Barlow, "you did not suppose that it was with any reference to myself—that is, with respect to the reputation of the family with which I am about to be connected—I opposed any reward being offered with regard to Matthew?"

"Well, to say the truth, Barlow, I thought that might have weighed with you."

"I think it did not—I hope it did not, Mr. Durham. But I confess I object to our taking any action which may be supposed to be in common with Mr. Signet. He is in my opinion pursuing a most unwarrantable and unscrupulous course. He knows that Lady Pargiter has no more possession of those diamonds than I have."

"I certainly think it very improbable," mused Mr. Durham.

"Improbable? It is impossible. The notion that the woman should have stolen her own jewels is monstrous. As to the receipt—it may have been destroyed by accident; that matters not to us one fig. The question for us is not where the jewels are, but where is Matthew?"

"And what is your view?"

"I believe John Rutherford could tell us all, if he chose. He has trumped up that story about having left his fare in Moor Street. I don't believe one word of it."

"Then you must needs believe he has murdered him?"

"I hope for the best, and in God's mercy, Mr. Durham; but that is my conviction," answered Mr. Barlow, gravely. "There is no other way out of it."

"There are plenty of ways out of it, my dear sir, if we had but the wit to see them," returned Uncle Stephen. "From all I can gather, the cabman is an honest fellow, and—which weighs with me still more—he was personally attached to Matthew. A man may murder a stranger for money, or even a blood-relation whom he does not love; but not his friend. Sabey has been kind to Rutherford's wife, and he has shown himself sensible of it. He must have had both gratitude and liking to contend against. We are presupposing a monstrosity in imputing murder, under such circumstances, to such a man. Besides, he has had scores of opportunities before this one."

"Yes, but this was the last chance, and he knew it. That some one has done it is morally certain. Do you prefer to think Lady Pargiter the murderess?"

"Don't let us use such words, Mr. Barlow, till they have been justified by the event," said Uncle Stephen, reprovingly.

"Do you think Matthew would have parted with those jewels, then, and kept his life?"

"Mr. Barlow," returned Uncle Stephen, "I know Matthew Helston better than you do, and certainly respect him as much. Of course I do not think that."

"Then in my opinion all that we have to hope for is this, that, since the robbery must in all probability have been committed by several persons, in time they will quarrel among themselves, and Matthew's memory will be cleared of stain."

"That does not follow," said Uncle Stephen. "When M. D'Anglade was in prison, where he died, after the torture, for his supposed robbery of the Count de Montgomery, it is on record that the whole body of Paris thieves were cognizant that two of their number—Belestre and Gagnard—were the real culprits."

"Then it appears that you are more hopeless respecting this terrible affair than even I am."

"No, I can not say I am without hope," answered Uncle Stephen, thoughtfully. "I have lived too long in the world not to know how expectation is balked, even though it be of a misfortune."

"But you feel certain that the diamonds have been stolen?"

Mr. Durham hesitated, held his chin his hand, as was his habit when thinking deeply, and then slowly replied: "Yes, we must suppose them to have been stolen."

"Then Matthew, as you agreed with me, can not be alive?"

"I did not say that, Barlow: in my opinion he would not have parted with what was intrusted to him, save with his life. But they might have been forced from him. This affair is not one of alternatives—that is the view of the police, no doubt; but it is much too shallow and narrow. Ten thousand things *may* have taken place where one thing does take place. I am inclined to think that in this case something very abnormal, and out of the policeman's beat, has happened. To Sabey and Amy—dear souls—I may have appeared indifferent: I did not wish to melt their waxen hearts by too much show of sympathy; but night and day, of late, I have thought of nothing but Matthew."

"Then you have a theory to account for his disappearance?" exclaimed Mr. Barlow, eagerly. He would have called his companion "a very bad man of business" (meaning a "dreamer"), but he had a genuine admiration for his abilities; and he thought it quite possible that where practical minds were at fault his ingenuity might supply a clew.

"Well, yes, I have. It seems wild enough, but then the whole affair is wild, and *similia similibus curantur*, as Mr. Signet would say. And again it is not a rose-water solution of the enigma; one can not object to it that it makes things too pleasant. Still, it is better than murder or robbery."

"If your explanation avoids these two horns of the dilemma, it must indeed be worth hearing," said Mr. Barlow.

"Turn the key in the door, will you?" continued Uncle Stephen, taking no notice of this doubtful compliment. "I should not like even Amy to come in just now. I feel that I could not pull myself together in a moment." The old man's face indeed showed a pain that was distressing to behold, and his voice was feeble and broken. "You must excuse me, sir," he said, with a certain dignity, "but this lad is dear to me as the apple of my eye. Whatever I tell you now—whether it turns out to be the fact or otherwise—I must have your promise that it will be kept secret."

"You may trust me, Mr. Durham; I shall regard you as a client in consultation."

A smile flitted across Uncle Stephen's face, but only to leave it graver than before.

"I have noticed for some time," he said, "a certain depression in Matthew: he has been always quiet, and even depressed, you will say, since you have known him; though I remember him, just after his marriage, poor fellow, full of hope and joy; but of late his melancholy has deepened. It has seemed to me as though he were always making an effort to throw off some monopolizing thought. Has that struck *you*, Mr. Barlow?"

The lawyer shook his head.

"No, I have not noticed any deeper depression. He always seemed to me a disappointed man, and if I may say so without offense, to have entertained, somewhat weakly, a sort of grudge against the general arrangements of the world in consequence. I am speaking very plainly."

"No matter, sir; if ever there was a time for plain speech, it has come now," returned Uncle Stephen. "As to the 'grudge,' I have noticed that too, but only quite recently. His talk to me of late has been vehement against the unjust distribution of wealth, and of the harshness engendered by habits of luxury. I thought nothing of that; it is a poor man's poor privilege; and to one with Matthew's gifts and sense of justice, many things must have seemed hard. But within the last few weeks his prejudices have taken a more personal direction. The dislike he expressed for Lady Pargiter—who seems to be a most contemptible woman—was quite unworthy of him, and, curiously enough, this seemed to extend to her inanimate possessions—I refer to her diamonds."

The lawyer bowed his head; he was attentive enough to what his companion said, but had no notion whither he was driving.

"The diamonds, you see," continued Uncle Stephen, with the air of one who talks and thinks at the same time, "have been the immediate cause of much inconvenience and worry to him; they took him from his home of nights, and exposed him to humiliations, and—as I have since learned—even to insults. How strange it seems that a few sparkling stones, which only served to make more hideous the woman that owned them, should be the cause of such trouble!—stones that might have been turned to bread, or in worthier hands have realized the dreams of science."

"But, excuse me, Mr. Durham, that will not hold water," interrupted the lawyer. "When that comes to be fried, it means crack-brained socialism—mere madness."

"Just so: yet those words, which I have purposely addressed to you as my own, Matthew Helston spoke to me the very night on which he disappeared from us. In my opinion, as in yours, it seems, they were mere madness."

"Good heavens! do you think he was mad?"

"Of course I should not have thought so had nothing come of it; indeed, as it was, I remember rallying him upon his strange opinions. 'If Mr. Signet knew them,' I said, 'he would be afraid of your dropping those diamonds into the river.' And then he answered what I think has now great significance. 'No, if I took them, I should certainly not enrich Father Thames with them;' implying, of course, that he would take them for himself."

"To 'realize the dreams of science,'" observed Mr. Barlow, in a hushed voice; "that is, to furnish the funds for the prosecution of his invention, I suppose? I am afraid a jury—"

"Never mind the juries just now, Mr. Barlow: nevertheless, what you suggest is possible. Poor Madge was, no doubt, another disturbing element with him; but mainly it was the jewels. My theory (of course it is nothing more, but it has the advantage of explaining *everything*) is that, through dwelling almost exclusively upon this single subject, Matthew's mind became unhinged. Of course there has been method in his madness; he *did* return to Lady Pargiter's (she has lied about that, it seems, and been found out), and afterward dismissed the cabman with the pretense that he was going to remain in Moor Street. Then, under the influence of his monomania, he took away the diamonds."

"It is possible," mused the lawyer. "I have known cases quite as black where we have pulled the man through. There is nothing like kleptomania for bamboozling a jury."

"Good heavens, sir, will you keep your mind clear of juries!" exclaimed Uncle Stephen, impatiently. "For my part, I would as soon have diamonds on the brain as twelve men in a box. The mania I speak of has no more to do with kleptomania than a horse-chestnut with a chestnut horse. It is a mental aberration—analogous to sleep-walking—caused by allowing the thoughts to dwell upon one topic, and those depressed by melancholy are especially subject to it. That is my view of Matthew's case. It explains all that can be explained, and it contains this comfort in it—such aberrations are temporary; so Matthew may yet be restored to us, and in his right mind."

It was on the tip of Mr. Barlow's tongue to say, "And the diamonds?" But he thought it might suggest juries, and cause another outbreak; moreover, he had a high opinion of Mr. Durham's intelligence as a psychologist, and thought his theory worth attention.

It was noteworthy that this opinion of Mr. Durham's was the first expression of a doubt from the side of Matthew's friends, not indeed of his innocence, but of his absolute disconnection with the robbery in Moor Street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is need for every one to take care of himself. "Prostration from heat" is the brief record that stands against hundreds of names on the mortality lists at the Bureau of Vital Statistics. Our heated term began in May this year, and was protracted. Then, again, June brought long and wearisome heat, leaving us but poorly prepared to battle with hot weather in July. Although the mercury has not risen to any unprecedented height this year, the long-continued heat has been peculiarly exhausting and fatal to human life. We are really living in a tropical climate; and with the temperature ranging from 80° to 96° for days and weeks together, people can not, without peril, go on living just as they would if the thermometer averaged 70°. We should adapt our mode of life to the torrid weather. Clothing should be light and loose; food of cooling nature; stimulants of an alcoholic kind avoided, as well as large draughts of ice-water. Violent exercise and every kind of excitement add, of course, to the heat of the body, and grow dangerous in midsummer. Races and "athletic sports" seem an absurd pastime for such sweltering weather as this summer has brought, in which "moderation in everything" should be the rule for every one.

Long Beach is said to possess better facilities for bathing and fewer facilities for drowning than most other sea-side resorts. Long Beach is thirty minutes by rail from Hunter's Point.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club seem to have been just as successful in their games at Staten Island as if the mercury had been in the more temperate location of 70°. Whether or not it was comfortable for the players, the scene on the ground was picturesque in the extreme, and the spectators managed to keep cool enough to enjoy it.

Bathing at Manhattan Beach begins as early as six in the morning, and continues until ten at night. Two immense electric lights give the needful illumination after sundown. During the bathing hours a boat is kept in constant patrol, and powerful swimmers serve as watchmen on the beach. These precautions will seem only prudent when we add that ten thousand bathing suits and twenty thousand towels are kept in active use.

About two years ago the First International Geological Congress was held at Paris. The second Congress will take place at Bologna in 1881. Two important questions will be considered—the unification of geological figures, and the formation of some identical geological nomenclature. There will also be a competition having in view the establishment of an international system of signs and colors, adapted for the representation of geological maps. The first prize will be 500 francs. Full information in regard to this Congress can be obtained from the Smithsonian Institution.

Malaria is reported as prevailing at Bound Brook, New Jersey, and a mill-pond, with its stagnant surroundings of boggy land, the cause. In fact, it appears that malaria has long been affecting the dwellers in that town to a considerable degree.

There are indications that this year will be marked by the prevalence of malarious epidemics in many sections of the country. And those who have located themselves for the summer in quiet rural places, or at more frequented resorts, would do well to assure themselves in some reliable way that they are not being slowly poisoned by the pestilential breath of some stagnant pond in the vicinity, or by some open drain. It may be more difficult to ascertain about the purity of the water, but equally important. Typhoid fever lurks in many unsuspected places.

One of the oddest excursions of the season was that of the Manhattan Literary Association of Deaf-Mutes to Oriental Grove. The company was made up of men, women, and children to the number of 350, all cheerful and animated, apparently talking as fast as possible, lips and eyes moving, fingers and hands waving, but all silent. To the few on board who could hear and speak it was a singular sight. But manifestly the deaf-mutes had not the least difficulty in interchanging thought, and, on the whole, gave the impression that their way of talking was far more eloquent than words, a few significant motions conveying whole sentences of meaning.

For nearly twelve years an index catalogue of the National Medical Library, at Washington, has been in course of preparation. The first volume is now in the hands of the printer, and the second will follow without delay. The completed work will make about ten volumes, royal octavo, of 1000 pages each, and will be, in fact, a key to medical literature. The National Medical Library now includes more than 50,000 bound volumes, and 60,000 pamphlets, with complete files for many years of nearly all the medical periodical publications in the world. It occupies a floor in the old Ford's Theatre Building, but larger and better accommodations are needed.

Reports come that the Jesuits expelled from France are to settle in Wales.

So terrible is the famine in Kurdistan that hundreds of young girls have been sold for about ten dollars apiece in order to buy food.

A marked example of the frail and fluctuating nature of a popularity that is not founded in purity and nobility may be seen in the present status of Denis Kearney, who is beginning to be understood by the more intelligent working-people of San Francisco and other places.

A reporter of the Kansas City *Journal* was on the train that carried Grant from Galena. While attempting to obtain a list of the persons on the train, he came to a short, thickset man, who sat gazing pensively out of the window, with a cigar in his mouth.

"Are you one of the invited guests?" asked the reporter, tapping him on the shoulder.

The man said he was, and kept on smoking.

"From St. Joe or Leavenworth?" asked the reporter, note-book and pencil in hand.

"Illinois," replied the man, still smoking.

"I'll have to trouble you for your name," persisted the reporter.

"Grant," said the man, still smoking.

"Initials, please?" asked the reporter.

"Ulysses S. Grant," replied the man, quietly.

"Oh," faintly ejaculated the reporter. And a strange light came in his eyes. And he moved on.

Of the cocoa-nuts annually brought into the United States about 1,000,000 come from the vicinity of Carthagena, Colombia.

It is said that 25,000 persons availed themselves of the water furnished by the free ice-water fountain under the wing of the Post-office within a week after it was put into operation. Iced water is a luxury which thousands of people in this city do not have in their own homes. Undoubtedly it must be taken slowly, and in moderate quantity, during such extreme hot weather as we have been having of late.

Almost every year some sad accident happens at every prominent sea-shore and mountain resort. This is not at all strange, considering the throngs who visit these places. A short time ago a mountain wagon, containing a party of excursionists, was overturned on the carriage-road between the summit of Mount Washington and the Glen House. One lady was instantly killed, and several injured. The driver of the wagon (who was probably fatally injured) was intoxicated, and his losing the control of the team caused the accident.

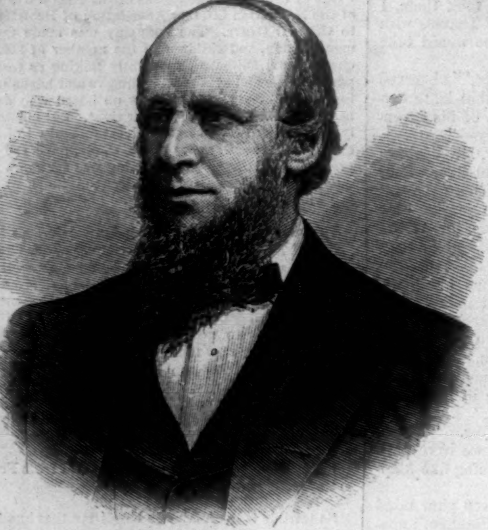
It was a mournful walk which the Empress Eugénie took through the South African valley to the spot where her son's body was found slain by the Zulus. It was rough and stony, but she persisted in walking, until, worn, weary, and sorrowful, she sank on her knees by the white monument.

One of the most distinguished of surgeons was Dr. Paul Broca, who died on July 10. He was born at Sainte-Foy-la-Grande, June 28, 1824. He was successively appointed surgeon to all the principal hospitals of Paris, and made professor of surgical pathology and clinical director by the Faculty of Medicine. He was elected a member of the Academy of Medicine, July 26, 1866. In 1875 Dr. Broca became one of the founders of the School of Anthropology, and took the chair therein of anatomical anthropology. He was vice-president of the special commission of the anthropological exposition at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. He was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1868, and promoted as an officer of the order in 1879. Dr. Broca was also the author of many valuable medical works.

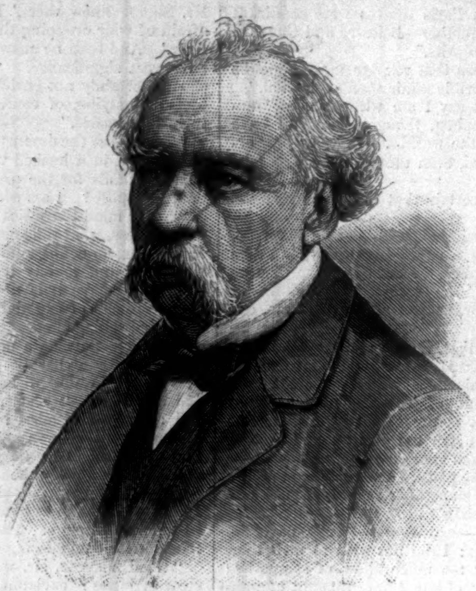
In the demure old Quaker town of Germantown, close by Philadelphia, there is a free public library of 10,000 volumes, from which all fiction is rigorously excluded; also all such light works as those of Shakspeare, Byron, Pope, Dryden, and Kingsley.

Tunnelling Mont Blanc is a project which is engaging the serious attention of French engineers. The estimated cost is $15,000,000.

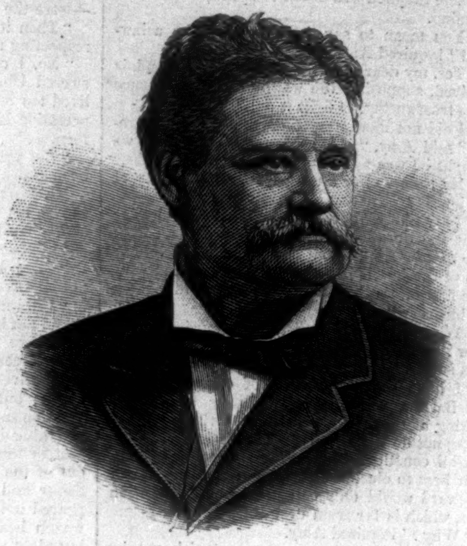
A government inspector of vessels, while on an official tour, once tried an experiment. He remained upon one vessel nearly a whole day, and at a moment when he was unobserved, stepped to the bell and rang a fire alarm. Officers and crew seemed to lose their wits, the engines did not stop, men rushed about for buckets, but there seemed to be no system. The inspector stood, watch in hand, noting the occurrences; and when they were over, he gave the commanding officer to understand that there must be an immediate reform in respect of alarms, and a more stringent state of discipline enforced. On another vessel the same experiment was tried. The bell had not stopped ringing when the engines stopped; men rushed at once to their places; and in less than three minutes hose pipes had been connected, and two streams were being forced through them, while men stood, buckets and axes in hand, ready for orders. In both instances the officers and crew believed the alarm to be genuine.



DR. JAMES B. ANGELL, Minister to China.



WILLIAM H. TRESCOTT, Commissioner.

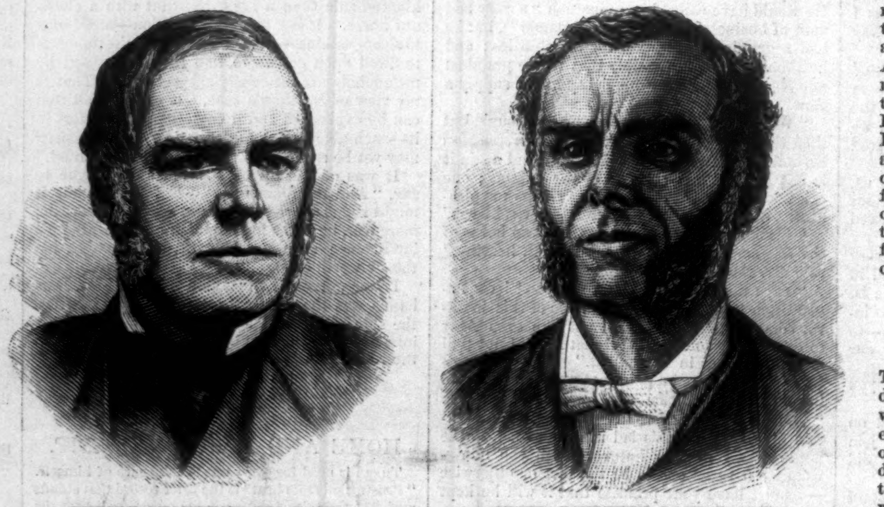


JOHN F. SWIFT, Commissioner.

THE CHINESE COMMISSION.

The Commissioners recently sent to China by the United States government are charged with the important duty of negotiating a new treaty with the empire. The Commission consists of Dr. James B. Angell, of Michigan, who is also clothed with the powers of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, John F. Swift, of California, and William H. Trescott, of South Carolina. Mr. Angell is a gentleman of rare accomplishments. He was formerly Professor of Modern Languages in Brown University, afterward President of the University of Vermont, and is now President of the University of Michigan. In politics he is a Republican, and so likewise is Mr. Swift, an eminent lawyer, and a Missourian by birth, who has lived for thirty years past in California. Mr. Trescott is a Democrat, and is well known as one of the ablest diplomatists in the country. He is the author of a history of American diplomacy, which is highly valued in Europe as well as here.

The instructions to the Commissioners from the State Department are secret, and will only be divulged during the negotiations with the representatives of the Chinese government. It will take some time to get down to actual work. The party were to land at Yokohama, and go thence to Shanghai in one of the ships of the United States navy cruising in Japanese waters. From Shanghai they must go to Peking, a journey of nine hundred miles, and before anything can be done the present American Minister must be relieved and the new Minister installed. When this is done, the Commissioners will be introduced to the Emperor, and will present their letters from President Hayes. Then they must await the appointment of the representatives on behalf of the Chinese Empire. It is not likely, therefore, that anything will be done before December or January next. The portraits of the Commissioners on this page are made from photographs by Bradley & Rulofson, of San Francisco.



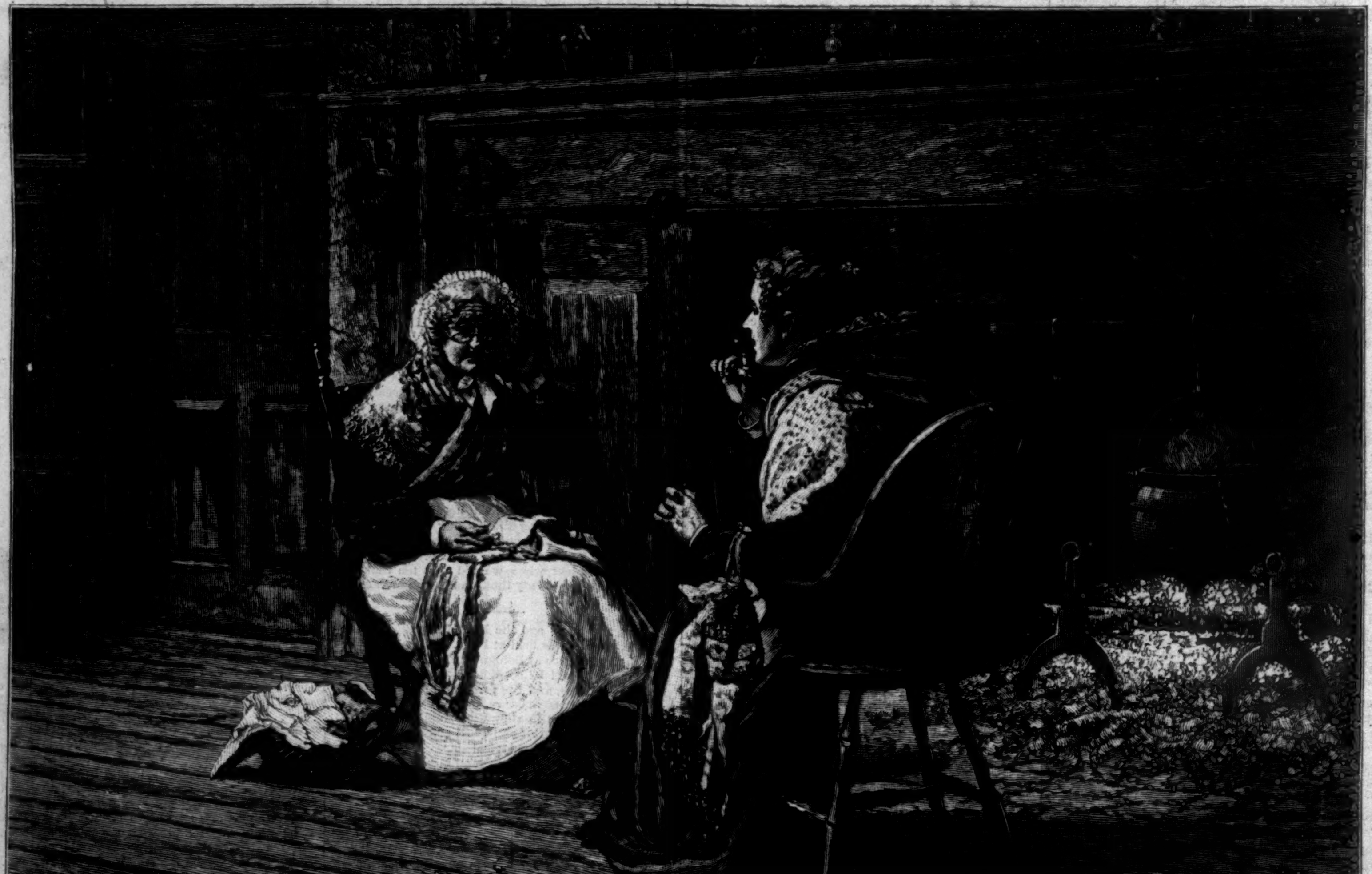
BEFORE BEGINNING HIS FAST.

AFTER FOURTEEN DAYS' FASTING.

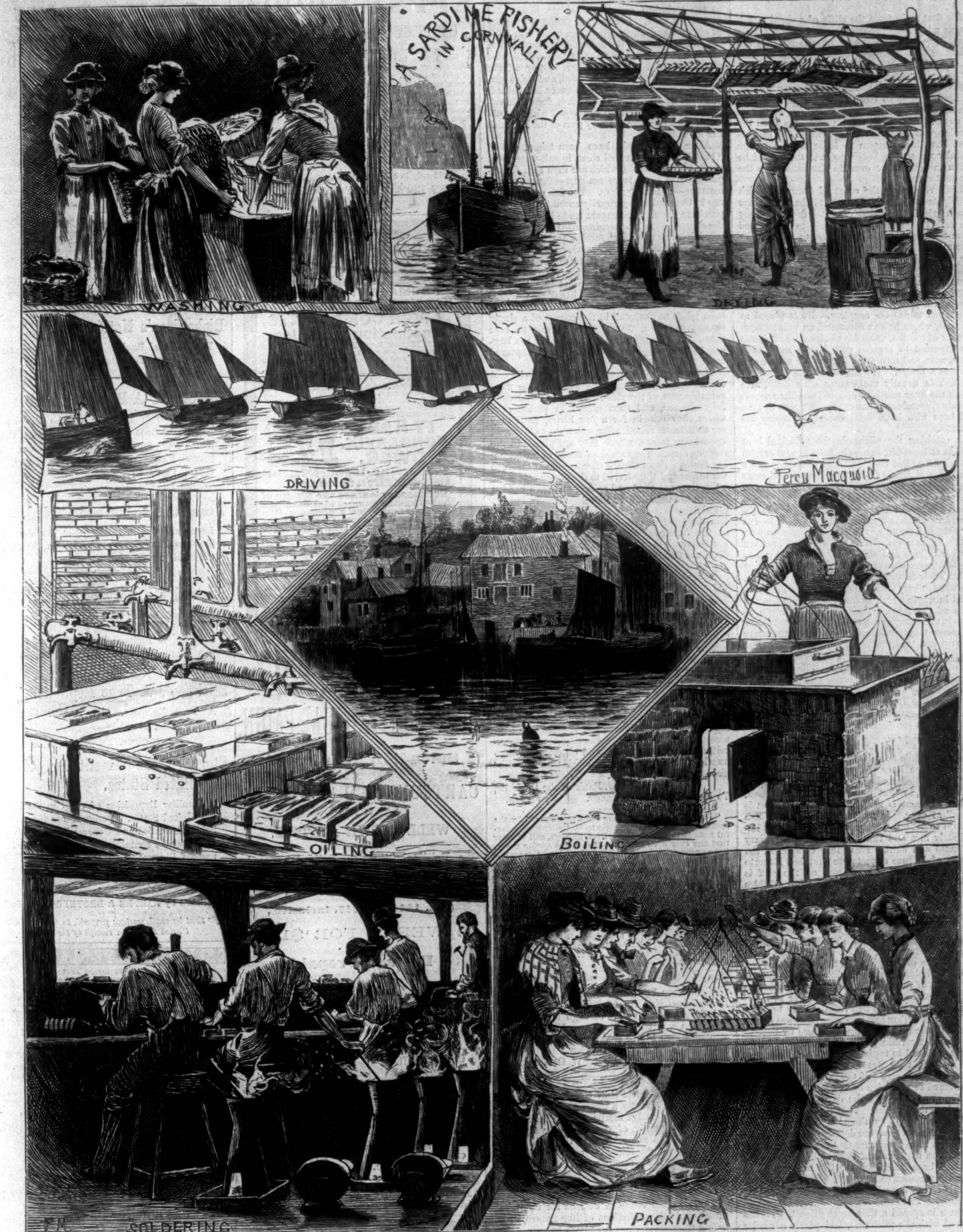
DR. H. S. TANNER.—From Photographs by Herr & Co.

TANNER'S FAST.

At noon on Monday, June 28, Dr. Henry S. Tanner, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, who had declared that he could live for forty days without eating, began his long fast in Clarendon Hall, in this city, in the presence of other physicians, who undertook to watch him day and night in turn to see that no deception was practiced. The doctors took his weight—157½ pounds; his pulse, which was 86; and his temperature, which was normal. Other examinations to ascertain his physical



"STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL."—From a Painting by T. W. Wood.



THE PILCHARD OR SARDINE FISHERY IN CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

condition were made. His clothes were searched to make sure that he had no food about him, and every nook and crevice about the hall was minutely searched. Then a small table was set in the middle of the hall, and on it were placed two graduated glasses, a pitcher of water, and a few scientific instruments used in making simple medical examinations. A cot was brought in for the fasting man to lie upon as often as he felt so disposed. Up to the fourteenth day, so far as could be seen by his watchers, the doctor had not taken any food, and with the exception of a little water now and then, no liquids had passed his lips. He had lost twenty-four pounds in weight by this time, but was still able to dress himself and ride and walk about. Whether he can continue the senseless operation until the end nobody can tell, but some of the physicians say that it is impossible.

SARDINE FISHERIES.

In regard to our food, as in other matters, there is no gainsaying the fact that things are not what they seem. The dainty little fishes that come to our tables elaborately packed in tiny tin cases, and smothered with olive-oil, are supposed to have been captured where the waters of the Mediterranean lash Sardinian shores. In reality they are frequently the product of what are known as the English and American sardine fisheries. Sardines are simply the young of the pilchard (*Clupea pilchardus*). They get their name from having been formerly caught in great numbers off the island of Sardinia. The sardine is, in fact, a member of the herring family, and it is only its extreme youth and the manner of packing it that separate it from its relatives.

Our engravings show the process of sardine fishing and curing on the coast of Cornwall, England. In that country the pilchard is in a great measure confined to Cornwall, living habitually in deep water not far west of the Scilly Isles, and visiting the coast in great shoals, one of which is described as having reached from Mevagissey to the Land's End, a distance, including the windings of the coast, of nearly a hundred miles. Where they come from before they visit the Cornish coast, where those that escape the fishermen go to when they quit it, is unknown, or at best only vaguely conjectured. All that is certain about them is that they are met with swimming past the Scilly Isles as early as July (when they are caught with a drift-net). They then advance inland in August, during which month the principal or "in-shore" fishing begins, visit different parts of the coast until October or November, and after that disappear until the next year. They may be sometimes caught off the southwest part of Devonshire, and are occasionally to be met with near the southernmost coast of Ireland; but beyond these two points they are never seen on any other portion of the shores of Great Britain, either before they approach Cornwall, or after they have left it.

The first sight from the cliffs of a shoal of pilchards advancing toward the land is not a little interesting. They produce on the sea the appearance of the shadow of a dark cloud. This shadow comes on and on until the fish can be seen leaping and playing on the surface by hundreds at a time, all huddled close together, and all approaching so close to the shore that they can always be caught in some fifty or sixty feet of water. Indeed, on certain occasions when the shoals are of considerable magnitude, the fish behind have been known to force the fish before literally up to the beach, so that they could be taken in buckets, or even in the hand, with the greatest ease.

Each village on the coast of Cornwall which anticipates a visitation from the pilchards employs a man as look-out to watch for their coming. They are called "huers"—a word said to be derived from the old French verb *huer*, to call out or give alarm. With the discovery of the first shoal the active duties of the huer begin, and on his skill and vigilance much depends. He is therefore paid a guinea a week while he is on the watch, and receives besides a perquisite in the shape of a percentage on the produce of all the fish taken under his auspices. He is placed at his post, where he can command an uninterrupted view of the sea, some days before the pilchards are expected to appear, and at the same time boats, nets, and men are all ready for action at a moment's notice. The signal of the arrival of the fish is usually the waving of a bush, with which the huer provides himself, and the news is quickly disseminated among the villagers by men and boys who have been eagerly watching his motions.

In catching the pilchards the principal boat used is at least fifteen tons in burden, and carries a large net called the "seine," which measures a hundred and ninety fathoms in length, and costs a hundred and seventy pounds—sometimes more. It is simply one long strip, from eleven to thirteen fathoms in breadth, composed of very small meshes, and furnished all along its length with lead at one side and corks at the other. The men who cast this net are called the "shooters," and receive eleven shillings and sixpence a week, and a perquisite of one basket of fish each out of every haul. Their movements are directed by the huer, who waits quietly until the shoal is thoroughly embayed in water which he knows to be within the depth of the seine. Then, as the fish begin to pause in their progress, and gradually crowd closer and closer together, he gives the signal, the boats come up, and the great net is cast, or, in technical phrase, "shot," overboard. The grand object is now to inclose the entire shoal. The leads sink one side of the net perpendicularly to the ground; the corks buoy up the other to the surface of the water. When it has been taken all round the fish, the two extremities are made fast, and the shoal is then imprisoned within an oblong barrier of net-work surrounding it on all sides. The great art is to let as few of the pilchards escape as possible while this process is being completed. Whenever the huer observes from above that they are startled, and are separating at any particular point, to that point he waves his bush, thither the boat is steered, and there the net is "shot" at once. In whatever direction the fish attempt to get out to sea again, they are thus immediately met and thwarted with extraordinary readiness and skill. This labor completed, the silence of intense expectation that has hitherto prevailed among the spectators on the cliff is broken. There is a great shout of joy on all sides—the shoal is secured!

Secured, but not taken possession of. This involves another difficult and perplexing operation. The seine is but a reservoir holding the treasure which has yet to be landed. To do this, a smaller net, called the "tuck," is let down within it for the purpose of bringing the fish to the surface. The boat holding the tuck slowly makes the inner circuit of the seine, dropping it overboard as she goes, and attaching it to the latter at intervals. To prevent the fish from getting between the two nets during this operation, they are frightened into the middle of the inclosure by beating the water at certain points with oars and heavy stones fastened to ropes.

When the tuck net has at length travelled round the whole circle of the seine, and is securely fastened to the seine boat, everything is ready for the great event of the day—the hauling of the fish to the surface. That it is a great event, or is so regarded by the simple Cornish folk, may be gathered from the descriptions of all travellers who have ever witnessed the hauling of the pilchard on the coasts of Cornwall.

When brought ashore the fish are carried to the salting-houses to be cured. This part of the work is chiefly done by women, the process being as follows: The stone floors are swept clean, and on them is spread a thin layer of salt. This is covered with the pilchards, laid partly edgewise and close together. Then another layer of salt, smoothed fine with the palm of the hand, is laid over the pilchards; and then more pilchards are placed upon that; and so on until the heap rises to four feet, or more. Nothing can exceed the ease, quickness, and regularity with which this is done. Each woman works on her own small area, without reference to her neighbor, a bucketful of salt and a bucketful of fish being shot out in two little piles under her hands, for her own especial use. All proceed in their labor, however, with such equal diligence and equal skill that no irregularities appear in the various layers when they are finished: they run as straight and smooth from one end to the other as if they were constructed by machinery. The heap, when completed, looks like a long, solid, neatly made mass of dirty salt; nothing being now seen of the pilchards but the extreme tips of their noses or tails, just peeping out in rows, up the sides of the pile. The fish will remain thus in salt—or, as the technical expression is, "in bulk"—for five or six days. During this period a quantity of oil, salt, and water drips from them into wells cut in the centre of the stone floor on which they are placed. After the oil has been collected and clarified, it will sell for enough to pay off the whole expense of the wages, food, and drink given to the "seiners." Salt and water left behind, and offal of all sorts found with it, furnish a valuable manure. Nothing connected with the pilchard goes to waste. Every part of the little fish has its value.

After the pilchards have been taken out of "bulk," they are washed clean in salt-water, and packed in hogsheads, which are then sent for exportation to some large sea-port—Penzance, for instance—in coast traders. The fish reserved for use in Cornwall are generally cured by those who purchase them. The export trade is confined to the shores of the Mediterranean—Italy and Spain providing the two great foreign markets for pilchards. The home consumption, as regards Great Britain, is nothing, or next to nothing. Some variation takes place in the prices realized by the foreign trade; their average, wholesale, is stated to be about fifty shillings per hogshead; 40,000 hogsheads, or 120,000,000 of these fish, have been taken at Cornwall in the course of a single season, requiring 20,000 tons of salt to cure them. The northern shoals are by far the largest, 12,000,000 pilchards having been captured there in a single day.

The young pilchard, or those that are to be sent to market as sardines, form naturally the most valuable part of the yield. These are first carefully cleaned, and then placed in pickle vats, where they remain for a few hours, until they are sufficiently salted, after which they are spread upon large tables, where they are placed in the cooking cans. They are then taken to the steaming tanks. From thence they are again taken to the tables and transferred to the permanent cans, when they are oiled and spiced, and then handed over to the tinsmiths to be soldered. The greatest activity is necessary in the preparation to obtain the good qualities that depend particularly on the freshness of the fish, and the choice of good olive-oil is most essential. The less the sardines are touched, the better they are.

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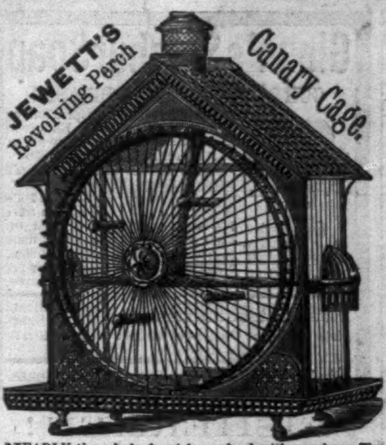

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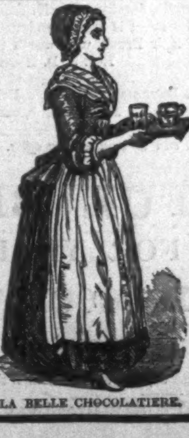

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